THE CANADIAN

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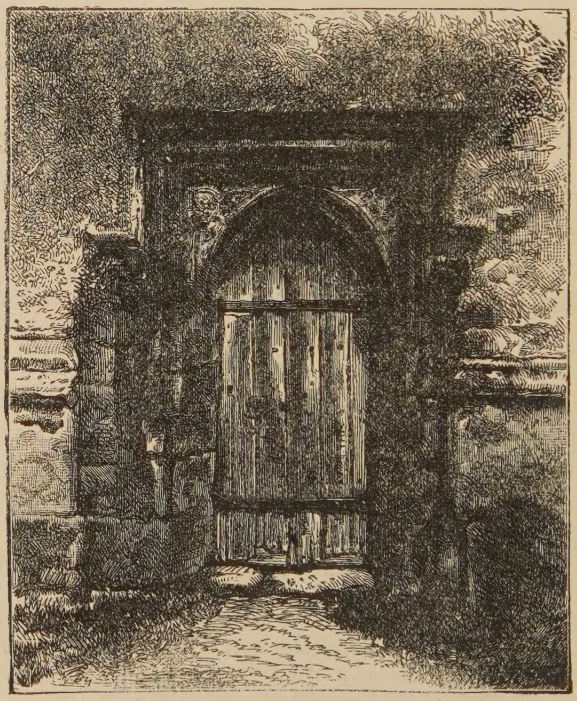
FOOTPRINTS OF BUNYAN.*

To the present writer the foremost memory in traversing the beautiful county of Bedford, was that of John Bunyan. Many places were passed hallowed by the footprints of the immortal dreamer—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation, and censured what he believed to be iniquities of priestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned,

*Through the courtesy of Messrs. John Walker & Co., of London, England, we are enabled to illustrate this article by engravings from their admirable "Elstow Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress." This edition is the most exquisite presentation of the immortal allegory we have seen. In its preparation, nine out of the first eleven editions have been collated. The illustrations of the allegory are gems of art, and represent the characters in the costume of the period in which Bunyan lived. Every copy of the book has both covers made from veritable Elstow oak, guaranteed to be from the roof of the Church whose bells Bunyan loved to ring—which was reconstructed in 1880. On the cover is a unique portrait, photographed from a contemporary pencil sketch in the British Museum, which is undoubtedly the most authentic likeness in existence. The whole makes a most beautiful Bunyan *souvenir*. The edition is limited, and while it lasts copies may be procured through the publisher of this Magazine, for $3.50 each.

and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City."

On this gentle pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—his eyes

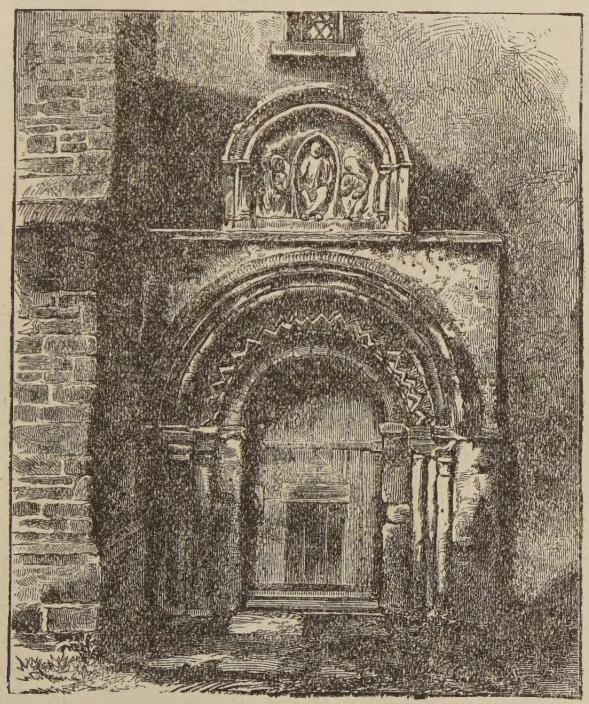


Belfry Door, Elstow Church.

have often gazed; and from that soft green sward he may have taken his description of "Bypath Meadow." Strange spell of genius, which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many editions and translated into so many foreign languages.

The principal materials for a sketch of Bunyan's life are drawn largely from his own autobiographical work, "Grace abounding

to the Chief of Sinners." He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was brought up, like his father before him, "a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker." He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memorable battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. Then followed the glorious years of the Protectorate of Cromwell, when the name and fame of England made the Pope

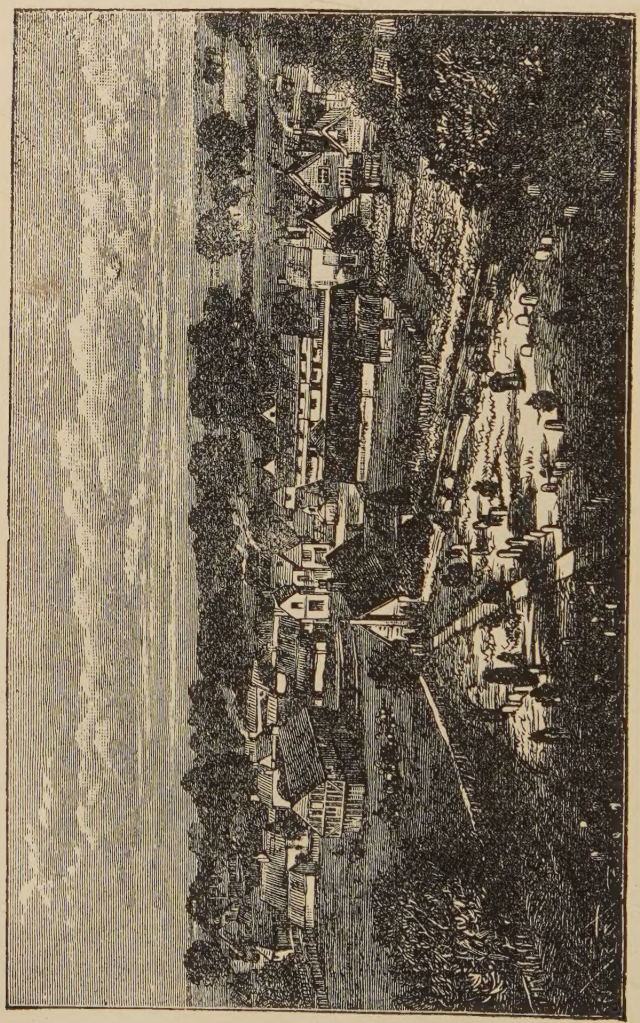


Old Norman Door, Elstow Church.

tremble in his fortress-palace of the seven-hilled city. Then came the shameful reaction of the Restoration, with its persecution of the saints and reign of wickedness in high places. Amid such world-agitating events was this great soul born and nurtured; and of its varied scenes he has left us striking pictures in his immortal works.

"Like many of the Lord's heroes," says Dr. Punshon, in his admirable monograph on Bunyan, "he was of obscure parentage,

and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. He was an adept and teacher in evil. In his seventeenth year we find him in the army—'an army where wickedness abounded.' The description best answers certainly



Elstow Village, from Belfry Tower.

to Rupert's roystering dragoons." At the siege of Leicester, Bunyan was assigned certain duty, "but when I was just ready to go," he writes, "one of the company desired to go in my room, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel he was shot in the head and died."

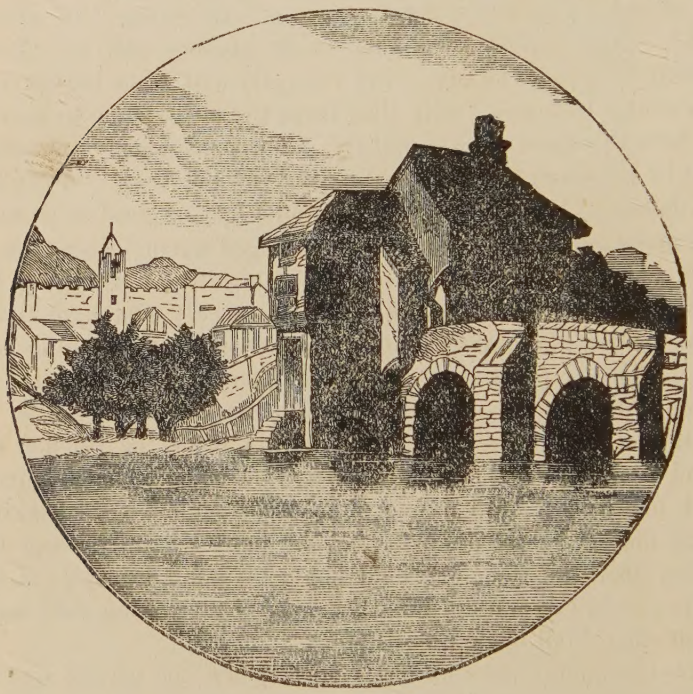
In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuffe as a dish or a spoon between us." As his wife's only marriage portion he received two books which her father had cherished,—"The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." "These books," he says, "though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God. "I can but be damned," he said to himself, "and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot. One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and overcame this wicked habit. But he wallowed long in the Slough of Despond before he reached the solid ground of assured confidence. Dancing, Sunday games, and bell-ringing, which was often accompanied with drinking, were his special besetments. As he hung wistfully about the belfry-door, the thought would haunt his mind, he says, "if the bells should fall and crush me!" Then the terror lest the steeple itself should fall made him flee for fear.

In the quaint old church is still shown the carved seat in which Bunyan sat and listened to the sermons preached from the old Tudor pulpit. The tower is one of the few in England which stands entirely disconnected with the church. The cut on page 2 shows the belfry door at which Bunyan used often to linger. The old Norman door, with its dog-tooth moulding, dating back probably six centuries or more, is shown on page 3. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor woman sitting

at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who, in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his Church, and was formally baptized in the



BEDFORD PRISON.

River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. "I preached what I felt," he says; "what I smartingly did feel—even that under which my soul did groan and tremble with astonishment." The word was attended with power and with converting grace. In 1660 he was indicted under the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining from coming to church." But preach he must and would. "I

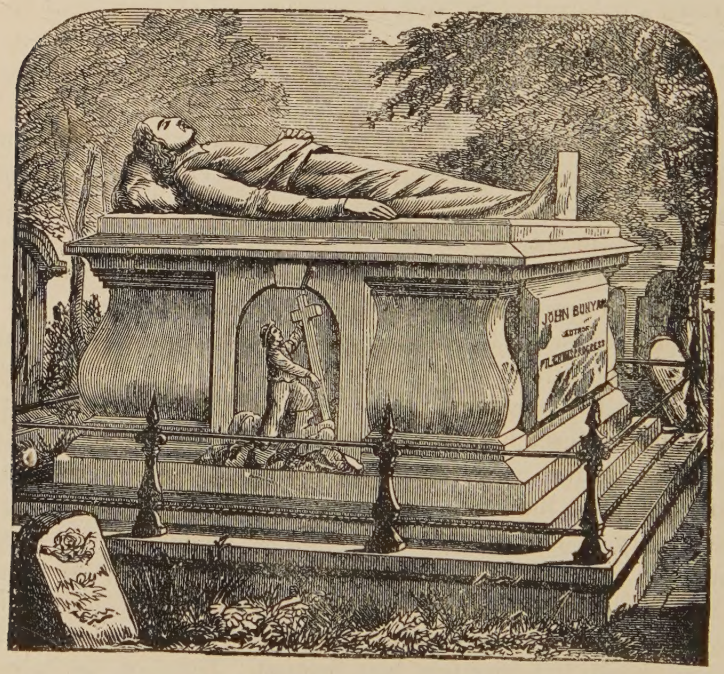
saw that I was a man," he writes, "who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children." Yet he would not forbear. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not his preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison, to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors, a hundred years later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

"Home to prison," exclaims his eloquent eulogist, William Morley Punshon, in a passage whose noble eloquence compels its quotation:—"See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man that has the herb heart's-ease in his bosom.

"Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy over subject hearts—if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond, 'What ails thee,' of the loving wife—then every essential of home was to be found, 'except these bonds,' in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroic wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with womanly tenderness, and sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril, blind, and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the 'Book of Martyrs,' with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; that old and heaven-patented nobility, whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing its secret source of strength, cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands

the Heavenly Comforter, and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

"And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and as in another dungeon, 'the prisoners heard them.' The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion



BUNYAN'S TOMB, BUNHILL FIELDS.

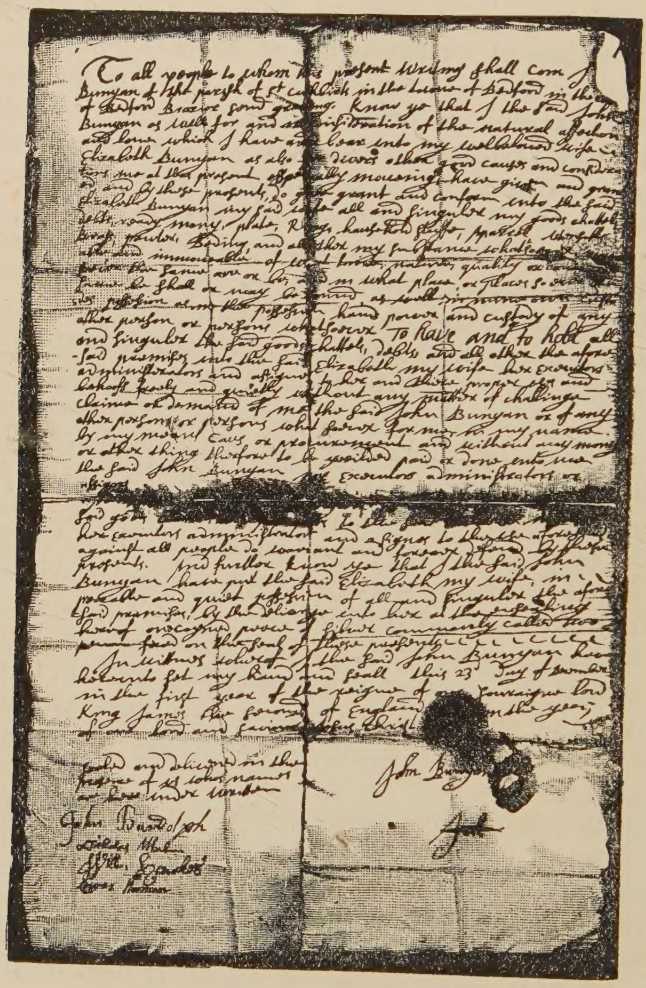
in his soul. 'He writes as if joy did make him write.' He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling, as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the

Palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair —from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours —the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in His beauty; until the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstacy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever-fresh and ever-comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, 'I was had home to prison.'"

After twelve years, the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household,* and do his Master's work. In his secular calling he was highly successful, as is shown by the accompanying deed of gift, in which he makes over to his wife his worldly estate:—

"To all people to whom this present writing shall come, I, John Bunyan, of the parish of St. Cuthbert's, in the towne of Bedford, in the county of Bedford, Brazier, send greeting: Know ye that I, the said John Bunyan, as well for and in consideration of the natural affection and love which I have and bear unto my well-beloved wife, Elizabeth Bunyan, as also for other good causes and considerations, me at this present moment esspecially moveing, have given and granted, and by these presents do

* While in prison, he made many hundred gross of "tagged laces," which his wife or little blind daughter sold for their livelihood.



FAC-SIMILE OF BUNYAN'S DEED OF GIFT.

give, grant, and confirm unto the said Elizabeth Bunyan, my said wife, all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate, Rings, household stuffe, Aparrel, utensils, Brass, pewter, Beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable, of what kinde, nature, quality, or condition soever the same are or be, and in what place or places soever the same be, shall, or may be found, as well in mine own custodes, possession, as in the possession, hands, power, and custody of any other person or persons whatsoever. To have and to hold all and singular the said goods, chattels, debts, and all other the aforesaid premesis unto the said Elizabeth, my wife, her executors, administrators

and assignes, to her and her proper uses and behoofs, freely and quietly, without any matter of challenge."

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear

CHRISTIAN AT THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His

ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal alle-

EVANGELIST AND CHRISTIAN. (From Chinese Pilgrim's Progress.)

gory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in *editions de luxe*, on which all the resources of art have been

lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

"Of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" says Dr. Punshon, "it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober gray,' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are as familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions no less than to our understanding. We have seen them, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him in pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantries of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake and behold it is a dream.

"No book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross amid the far-off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens; it has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah, and it has drawn tears from dark eyes in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wild woods have rejoiced in its simple story; it has been as the elixir of

palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and, crowning

CHRISTIAN IN THE ARMOURY. (From Chinese Pilgrim's Progress.)

triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron; and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have wept over it for themselves and for their children."

AU SABLE CHASM, TICONDEROGA, AND HOWE'S CAVE.

FORT TICONDEROGA.

A VISIT to these three interesting places can easily be made in one short trip. This trip I made early in May, and found it so enjoyable that I would like to share, as far as possible, its pleasure with the readers of this Magazine. Leaving Montreal in the morning, I soon reached Lake Champlain, and skirted its western shore on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway, which extends direct from Rouse's Point to Albany, with many branches on either side. This beautiful lake is haunted with storied memories of the most heroic character. Its very name recalls the *preux chevalier* who, first of white men, gazed upon its fair expanse. For two hundred years it was the gateway of Canada, by which hostile invasion of red men or white penetrated our country.

The first place of special interest is Plattsburg, where, in 1814, was fought the Battle of Lake Champlain. Sir George Prevost, with 11,000 men, attacked the town, while a fleet on which the ship-carpenters were yet at work as it went into action, engaged the American squadron. The British fleet, its commander being slain, was compelled to yield to superior force, and Prevost ordered a retreat, when he might have retrieved the fortunes of the fight. The broad calm waters of Lake Champlain lay dimpling in the sun, a strange contrast to the storm and battle of that memorable day.

At Fort Kent, a hundred miles from Montreal, one leaves the rail for Au Sable Chasm, which is three miles distant. A stage was waiting, but I preferred the walk over a good plank road. As I climbed the hill, ever wider views of Lake Champlain, with its engirdling mountains, burst upon the view. Almost before

one is aware of it, he stands on the banks of the Au Sable Chasm, a deep canyon, worn in the lapse of countless ages by the Au Sable River. The first business, however, was dinner, which I obtained at the quaint, old-fashioned village inn. Observing a copy of Madame de Stael's "Corinne," and of Fenelon's "Telemaque" in the original, I asked mine hostess who read them, when she informed me that she read them herself. She was a daughter of the soil, but had the manners of a lady, and her pretty room was gay with flowering plants.

Being so early in the season, the Chasm was not open for visitors, but seeking the key at the large summer hotel, the genial proprietor, Mr. Burdsall, kindly accompanied me on a tour of exploration. We first descend a flight of nearly two hundred steps to the bed of the river. On either side rise perpendicular rocky walls. The river plunges into the Chasm over the Birmingham and Horse Shoe Falls—the former seventy feet in height, the latter not so high. The Chasm extends about two miles, between rocky and overhanging cliffs, a hundred feet and more in height, and in many places only a few yards apart. A strange feeling of utter seclusion from the world is experienced—a feeling almost as if, like the Tuscan bard and his shadowy guide, we were traversing some weird region of the under world.

The cyclopean architecture of the cliffs assumes all sorts of fantastic forms, and receives such descriptive names as the Pyramid, the Balcony, Pulpit Rock, the Anvil, and Cathedral Rocks. The latter are huge buttressed crags, which jut out into the stream, and which may well suggest thoughts of some vast cathedral's ruined towers and aisles.

Table Rock overhangs the narrow pass in a manner which makes nervous people fear that it will topple down and crush them. But nothing less than an earthquake, apparently, could dislocate the solid strata of which it is formed. Sentinel Rock stands out in lonely grandeur, like the stern warder of the gloomy pass, keeping his ceaseless watch age after age—"in solitude eternal, wrapped in contemplation drear." At its base the broad, smooth platform of rock is washed clean by the spring floods which sweep through the Chasm. A safe pathway has been cut along the base of the cliff, bridges thrown across the

chasm, and boats provided whereby the most delicate may make the trip without fatigue.

The boat ride down the Grand Flume is the great event of the visit to Au Sable. Here the river is compressed into a narrow channel, in one place only ten feet wide. The sky looks like a rift of blue a hundred feet overhead. The dark waters are sixty feet in depth. The current sweeps along with terrific energy. One can scarcely shake off the strange notion that he is sailing up hill—an illusion produced by the slope of the strata, which though seemingly horizontal, dip sharply beneath the waves.

At the lower part of the gorge are arrowy rapids, where the waters are lashed to fury and seem determined to swallow up the adventurous tourists who dare to invade their ancient and solitary domain. But the barge, skillfully steered, bounds over their crest and glides swiftly down into the calm water below. The tortured stream seems glad to emerge from its gloomy prison into the glorious sunlight, and glides on its way to blend its sandy tribute, derived from the disintegration of the rocks, to the waters of Lake Champlain. This is the feature which has unquestionably given it its name, Au Sable—"River of Sand."

Having climbed again the cliff, I lay long upon the bank, gazing at the inky waters, flecked with snowy foam bells, gliding darkly in the shadows of the mighty cliffs. Madame Pfeiffer, the famous Swedish traveller, describes the chasm as well worth a journey across the ocean to see. It has been compared to the wonderful gorge of the Trient, in Switzerland, but is, I think, much more beautiful.

The tourist to the Au Sable Chasm will find the comforts of a home, and that "warmest welcome" of which Ben Jonson writes, at the Lake View House, a first-class hotel, under the experienced management of Mr. Burdsall. From the deck on the roof is gained a superb view of the Falls and Chasm near at hand; of the broad sweep of Lake Champlain, where the stately steamers and white-winged vessels glide, swan-like, among the islands; and in the distance Old Whiteface, Jay Peak, and the hoary brotherhood of the Adirondacks and White Mountains climb the skies and melt softly away in the ethereal blue.

As I walked back to the landing, the snow-crowned crest of Mount Mansfield, beyond Lake Champlain, gleamed like pale

gold in the afternoon light, as I have seen the Alps from the tower of St. Mark's, at Venice. Then it flushed to rosy red, and faded to ashen gray and spectral white as the dusk of twilight deepened. The railway along the shore of the lake is here a piece of grand engineering. It runs on a narrow ledge hewn out of the rock, giving most picturesque views of the many bays and capes below, and of the towering cliffs above.

The first lesson of travel is renunciation, so I had to forego a visit to Fort Crown Point, that I might more fully explore the more interesting ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, or Old Ti, as the natives call it. This fort was situated on a tongue of land commanding the pass between Lakes George and Champlain, and was long the stern warder of the gateway of Canada. Nowhere on the continent have such desperate battles been fought as here, except during the late war of secession.

Here, in 1758, Montcalm entrenched himself with four thousand men, to await the attack of Lord Abercrombie with an army of sixteen thousand veteran troops. On a brilliant July morning, in a thousand barges and batteaux, in bannered pomp and splendour, with blare of music, flash of oars, and gleam of arms, the British force sailed up Lake George to the attack on Montcalm. The army disembarked near the formidable fort, and marched to the assault. In the first onset the gallant Lord Howe, the favourite of the army, fell at the head of the column. Montcalm had covered the steep glacis in front of his position with an impenetrable abattis of felled trees, the sharpened stakes pointing outwards. Abercrombie rashly resolved to attack in force, without waiting for cannon. The assault was gallantly made. For nearly six hours, under a burning sun, again and again the columns were hurled against the terrible abattis, and as often staggered and recoiled before a withering point blank fire of cannon and musketry. The brave Highlanders especially —lithe, active, and lightly clad—hacked their way through with their claymores or clambered over the abattis, and many of them died on the very ramparts of Montcalm's entrenchments. Baffled and broken, with the loss of two thousand men, the more than decimated army retreated panic-stricken to their batteaux, and retired to their entrenched position on Lake George.

Before twelve months, however, this disaster was amply retrieved. In July, 1759, Lord Amherst, with eleven thousand

men, appeared before the lines of Ticonderoga. But the genius of Montcalm was absent. After four days' vigorous resistance by the French, the fort was mined, fired, and abandoned. A tremendous explosion, shaking the ground like an earthquake, followed, accompanied by a volcano of fire which illumined the midnight heavens. Amherst promptly occupied the smoking ruins, and soon after seized Crown Point, eleven miles distant, which the French also abandoned. The British expended on these forts the enormous sum, for those days, of $10,000,000. In 1775 Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen, with a handful of men, surprised and captured both forts. Two years later they were retaken by Burgoyne, but have since been allowed to crumble into ruins. To-day the tourist, wandering amid their grass-grown trenches and ramparts, sees slight trace of those deeds of violence and blood.

The fort and field-works embraced a vast area. The military lines, it is said, extended for miles. The ruins are still very extensive, although they have been used for a hundred years as a quarry for building material. A star-shaped redan rises abruptly from the waves, its deep moat, broad glacis, massive masonry, curtains, and demilunes, all clearly traceable. The remains of great stone barracks still "stand four square to all the winds that blow." They resemble in construction the oldest buildings in Quebec and Montreal, with steep gables, thick walls, and empty windows, which look like the eyeless sockets of a skull. The great fireplace, around which gathered the gallant cavaliers of France, and roared their marching songs and told their tales of Ramillies and Malplaquet, was empty and cold. While I explored the ruins, a timid sheep showed its face at the door, and the bleat of lambs, instead of the sound of war, was heard. It is easy to re-people in fancy this crumbling ruin with the ghosts of the dead warriors who assailed or defended its walls, or dyed with their blood its gory slopes. Such, Hawthorn tells us, were his reflections as he stood "where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; where armies had struggled so long ago that the bones of the dead had mouldered away; where Peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of war." Upon this very scene, through these crumbling windows, gazed the eyes of Montcalm and

Bourlemaque, and from yonder height the gallant Howe, whose grave is in Westminster Abbey, and Abercrombie and Amherst, scanned with eager interest the scene.

Then when the lilied flag of France has given place to the red cross of St. George, other scenes come up. The blazing light of the barrack fire gleams on the sombre uniform of the famous "Black Watch," on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the frieze coat and Brown Bess of the colonial militiaman, on the red skin and hideous war-paint of the Indian scout. In the corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, as an old piper plays the sad sweet air of "Annie Laurie," or "Bonnie Doon," or "Auld Lang Syne." And now a red-coated guardsman trolls a merry marching song:—

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;
But of all the world's great heroes
There are none that can compare,
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadiers."

In another corner an old veteran is reading his well-thumbed Bible, while around him others are shuffling a pack of greasy cards and filling the air with reeking tobacco smoke and strange soldiers' oaths.

Again is heard the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. From the throats of the great guns leap forth the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all around them.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies!"

But all now is peaceful and silent. The lamb crops the herbage on the once gory slope—the blue-bird makes her nest in the cannon's mouth. Great trees have grown up inside the fort, and their sinewy roots have overturned its massy walls. The eternal bastions of nature mock the puny structures of man, and on the surface of the primeval rock may be traced

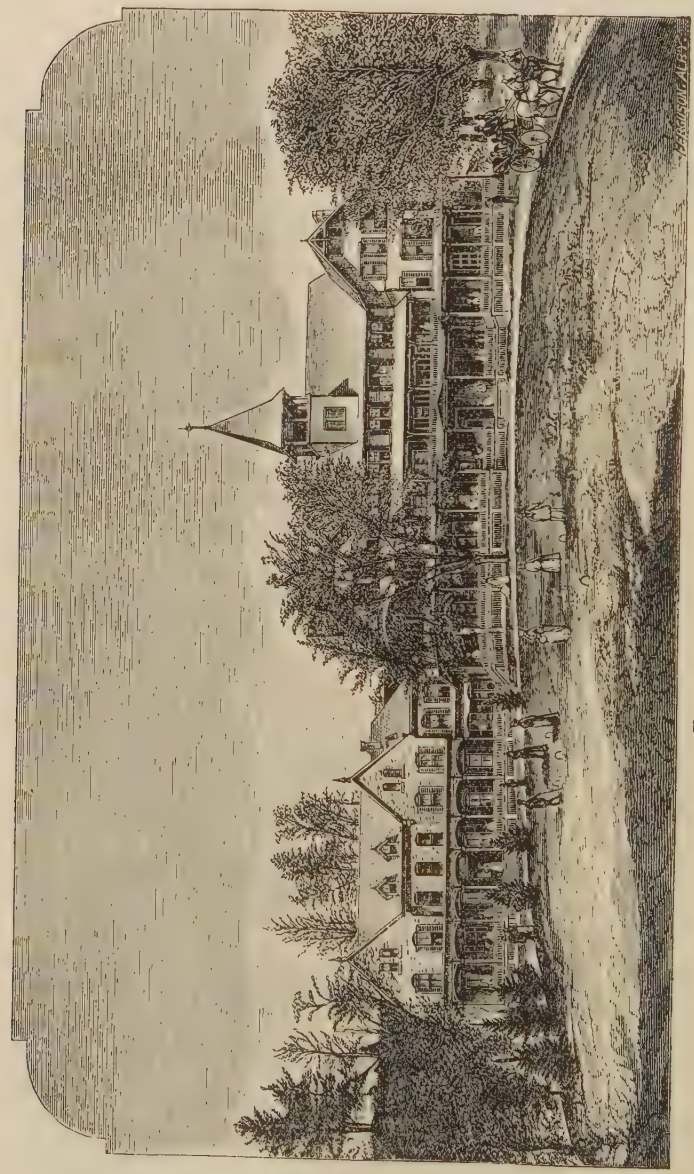
the grooves and striæ made by the sea of ice in the old years before the flood.

I clambered down into a crumbling vault, and found it a large arched, and once boom-proof, magazine with lateral chambers which were too dark to be explored. On the walls of the old fort some mercenary wretch had painted in huge letters the words, "Use Rising Sun Stove Polish." Such vandalism degrades the national character.

At a cottage near by I found quite a museum of relics—heavy shot and shell, regimental buttons, bullets, and the like. I bought a four oz. ball and part of an old gun lock as *souvenirs* of Old Ti. I then climbed to the top of Mount Defiance, nearly a thousand feet above the lake, to the spot where Burgoyne shelled the fort, which lay beneath. For sixty miles Lake Champlain and its winding shores lay spread out like a map, and on the opposite slope of the hill the lovely Lake George—the French *Lac St. Sacrement*, the Indian Horicon, the scene of many a bloody fight—like a sapphire in its setting of emerald, lay guarded by its engirdling hills. There are few such historic outlooks on the continent, or in the world.

Again taking train, I hastened on through charming landscapes and over historic ground to Albany, next to Jamestown, the earliest settlement in the original thirteen colonies. There are few relics of the old Dutch town save the Van Ransselaer Manor House, first built over two hundred years ago; and the Schuyler House, on whose wall may be seen the mark of an Indian's tomahawk, as he struck at a babe in its mother's arms. The glory of Albany is the new Capitol, one of the largest and noblest buildings in the world. As seen from a distance, as from Troy, six miles off, it towers like a mighty mass—like the fortress palace of the Hradschin, in Prague—above the city, and dominates the entire landscape. It is even more noble within than without. The Senate Chamber is richer than that of Venice in its golden prime. Its walls are of carved mahogany, of Mexican onyx, and of stamped and gilt leather. The Assembly Chamber, with its vaulted roof of carved grey stone, relieved with vermillion and gold, is scarcely less magnificent. I am afraid the Assemblymen are a turbulent lot. Sitting in the Speaker's chair to examine Hunt's fine frescoes, I noticed the desk all dinted with the use of the gavel, and a block of hard wood provided to

save the desk was knocked almost to splinters. The grand staircase, for majestic effect, I have never seen equalled. But



Entrance to Howe's Cave.

the building has cost enough to be splendid. Begun on an appropriation of $1,000,000, $14,000,000 have already been

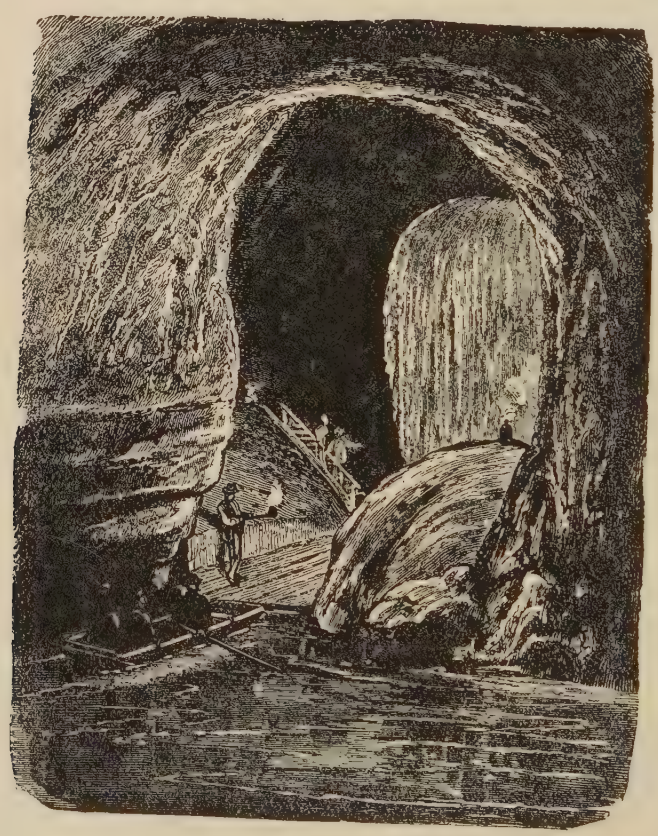
expended, and it is said that $7,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

One feature of the large and fine public park is worth notice —it has not a single gate or bit of fence about it—is as open as the day, yet is kept in admirable order. Why should our Toronto park be double fenced and made hideous as it is?

Howe's Cave is forty miles from Albany, on the Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway. The scenery on the route is quite picturesque, especially near the Cave. The view from the piazza of the hotel, shown in our engraving, is one of calm and restful beauty—gently undulating foreground and bold distant hills. My chance of seeing this famous cave at first seemed doubtful. It had been raining for several days, and the guide said that the lower part was flooded. But I resolved to attempt it, and the courteous proprietor, J. H. Ramsey, Esq., equipped me in long India-rubber boots, a blouse and overalls, and a slouch hat. I did not think I could look so much like a brigand. Taking a lantern and torch, we started. Sure enough we found the water knee-deep, and rushing with a strong current. I was in for it, however, and kept on. Pretty soon I shipped a quantity of water in each boot, and *then* there was no use in turning back. I was surprised at the great extent and remarkable character of this cave. It reaches three miles into the heart of the earth, and is not yet fully explored. It is second in size only to the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The pathway for a time is tolerably straight and level, not unlike the corridors of the Catacombs.

At irregular intervals the passage expands into vaulted spaces, which receive such names as Reception Hall, Giant's Chapel, Music Hall, Bridal Chamber, etc. In the Narrow Way the walls approach so close that there is just room for the head to pass. A striking feature is the number of stalactites, which hang like icicles of marble from the roof. These often assume fantastic forms, as the Fish Market, Washington's Epaulet, The Harp, etc. Corresponding to these are stalagmites, formed by the dripping of water, surcharged with carbonate of lime, upon the floor, as the Organ, the Pulpit, the Tower of Pisa. What untold ages of time must have been required for the water to wear away, as it has, the vast space of this cave, and then to form these great masses of pure marble by such slow deposits.

The winding corridor is haunted with exquisite echoes. The guide sings a few notes and they are caught up and repeated in softened cadence adown the hollow vaults like the weird ghosts of sound. A plank let fall upon the clay floor resounds like a clap of thunder, whose echoes roll and rumble away in the dark like the voices of angry gnomes. So the tiny waterfall of four



Crystal Lake, Howe's Cave.

or five feet roars like a young Niagara. At Crystal Lake we embark in boat, which suggests that of Charon in the under-world, and are ferried a quarter of a mile to its further end, beneath a rocky roof festooned with fantastic stalactites. In places the path climbs high above the rushing stream, which roars along its rocky bed far beneath. One of the most curious places is the Winding Way, a narrow passage forming a series

of S's, so crooked that we can hardly see a yard ahead. Here the guide took both lights away and left me alone, that I might see how dark it was. The darkness might almost be felt. The silence, as I stood there hundreds of feet below the surface, and two miles from the mouth of the cave, was almost appalling. The ticking of my watch and beating of my heart became painfully audible; all else was silent as the grave. I never experienced anything like it, except the silence and gloom of the lower dungeons of the Ducal Prison at Venice. A very narrow passage is well named the Fat Man's Misery, and creeping through another so low that one has to crawl on hands and knees, one enters the grandest hall of all, the Rotunda, twenty-five feet in diameter and 300 feet high. The height was measured by sending up a rocket which explodes at 300 feet. It just reached the roof.

A narrow-guage railway is being constructed as far as the lake, so that the most delicate lady can reach the heart of the cave without fatigue. Gas pipes are already laid that far, and in the season the cave is brilliantly lit. Arrangements are also being made for illuminating it with electric lights. The large hotel at the entrance to the cave, with its beautiful surroundings, is a pleasant and healthful summer resort.

The New York Central Railroad from Albany to the Niagara Falls is the only road in the world having four lines of rails extending three hundred miles. Accident from collision is thus rendered almost impossible. It runs through the fertile and historic Mohawk valley, long the highway of commerce between the east and west. The slow creeping of the barges on the canal contrasts strangely with the swift rushing of the trains. At Little Falls the river has forced a bold passage through a wild and picturesque defile. The sunset view of the Genesee Falls was very fine. No one should leave Rochester without seeing Power's Art Gallery—the best in the State outside of New York. The view from the tower of the beautiful city, and the winding river with its triple falls, is well worth the climb.

The round trip from Toronto by steamboat to Montreal, and by rail to Albany, and thence to Lewiston and home by the steamer *Chicora*, can be made for $25 or $30, and comprises more objects of interest than we know of elsewhere in the same space.

EMERSON.*

BY MRS. M. A. CASTLE.

"On this altar God hath built
I lay my vanity and guilt;
Nor me can hope or passion urge,
Hearing as now the lofty dirge
Which blasts of northern mountains' hymn,
Nature's funeral high and dim—
Sable pageantry of clouds,
Murmuring summer laid in shrouds."
—*The Nun's Aspiration.*

It were easy to imagine, as all Concord, old and young, artisan, scholar, and farmer, stood at the open grave of their friend, companion, and prophet, bowed in one common grief at one common loss, that the glens which knew his footsteps well, and the mountains where his great soul was nourished with "Best of Pan's immortal meat," would join in an universal requiem; and that Summer, when she puts on her robes, will wear less joy in her smiles and flowers when she misses his regal form, who—

—"was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known,—
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky."

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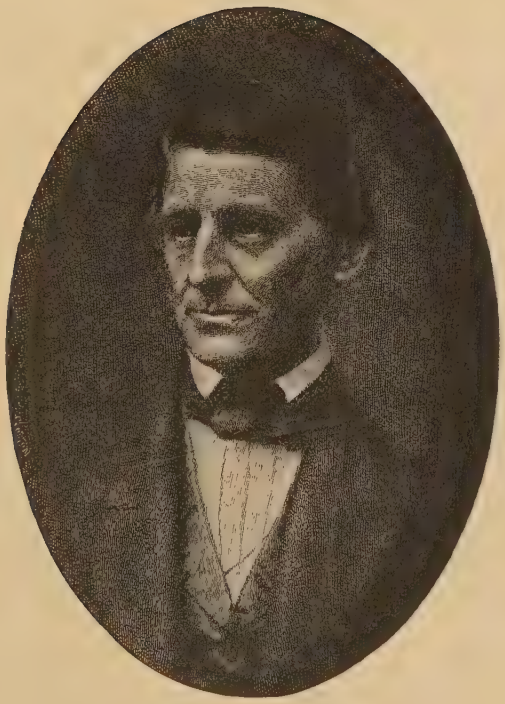
* For the portrait which accompanies this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflen & Co., Boston, who are the authorized publishers of Emerson's works. The following is a partial list of the numerous editions which they publish:—

Essays. *First and Second Series.* 16mo, $1.50 each.
Miscellanies. 16mo, $1.50.
Representative Men. 16mo, $1.50.
English Traits, 16mo, $1.50.
Conduct of Life. 16mo, $1.50.
Poems. 16mo, $1.50.
May-Day, and other Pieces. 16mo, $1.50.
Society and Solitude. 16mo, $1.50.
Letters and Social Aims. 16mo, $1.50. Above 10 vols., half calf, $30.
Essays. *Blue and Gold.* 32mo, $1.25.



R. Waldo Emerson

His own words, which may be taken as one picture of himself, may be supplemented by another, by his life-long friend, Channing:—

> "Sage of his days, patient and proudly true—
> Whose word was worth the world, whose heart was pure.
> Oh, such a heart was his! no gate or bar—
> The poorest wretch who ever passed his door,
> Welcome as highest king or fairest friend
> To all his store, and to the world beside,
> For if the genius of all learning flamed
> Aloft in those clear eyes; if never hour,
> Nor e'en the smallest instance of his times,
> Could ever flit, nor give that soul reward;
> Yet in his sweet relations with his race
> Pure mercy lived. . . . .
> The merest waif, from nothing, cast upon
> The shores of his rich heart, became a gem,
> So regal was its setting."

But not only is Concord bereaved, but the world of letters has lost one of her foremost men, and America her chief of authors. When a rich man dies, his gold and lands are counted. What has this rich man left, and who are his heritors? He has left what will stand on the page of history—a pure, noble, conscientious, honest life; so honest that after choosing and preparing for his manhood's work, the ministry, he gave it up, because a change in his views concerning the Lord's Supper would not permit him to administer the solemn rite. The pastorate of his Church he gave to another, for whose ordination he wrote the following hymn:—

> "We love the venerable house
> Our fathers built to God;

Poems. *Blue and Gold.* 32mo, $1.25.

Prose Works. Complete, including all the Essays Mr. Emerson has published in book form. 3 vols. 12mo, $7.50.

Parnassus. A choice collection of poetry. With an Introductory Essay. *Household Edition.* 12mo, $2.00.

Emerson's Works. "*Little Classic*" *Edition.* In nine volumes. Cloth, each volume, $1.50; the set in cloth, in box, $13.50.

The same. *Fireside Edition.* 5 vols. 16mo, $10.00. (Sold only in sets.)

Emerson Birthday Book. Edited by Mrs. Dr. Castle. Fine portait and 12 illustrations. Square 18mo, tastefully bound, $1.00; full calf, seal, or morocco, limp, $3.50.

In heaven are kept their grateful rows,
  Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
  From many a radiant face,
And prayers of humble virtue made
  The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
  The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal light to clear
  Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
  Came up the pensive train,
And in the Church a blessing found
  That filled their homes again.

For faith and peace and mighty love
  That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of Heaven above
  Springs from the life below.

. . . . . .

On him who by the altar stands,
  On him Thy blessing fall,
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,
  Thou Heart that lovest all."

That Mr. Emerson failed to perceive the divinity of Christ was no small failure, but the beauty and perfection of that sinless character he did see. In an essay on history he wrote, "Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite Him to history, or reconcile Him to themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily, their own piety explains every fact." Emerson seemed to stand just on the portal of that great, sublime structure, Redemption; how strange and sad, both for the world and himself, that he could not see in! To the law and will of God he was devoutly obedient; not after the polished-veneering style of pharisaical punctiliousness, but of a deep, inner, abiding principle. In his "Spiritual Laws" we find these words, "Oh, my brothers, God exists! There is a Soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice, and when we struggle to

wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey."

Dr. Hepworth, who, when a student, was in daily contact with Emerson, writes, "Although he could not preach an orthodox sermon on Sunday, he lived a perfectly orthodox life every day in the week." Mary Clemmer, the racy correspondent of *The Independent*, says, "He has left in written English a perfect code of manners—a gospel of good breeding. One reads and wonders at the multitude of merely good people, who, in their devotion to 'duty,' live and die without learning the first letter of the religion of gentle manners."

After leaving the pulpit, Mr. Emerson went abroad, where, both on the continent of Europe and in Britain, he met many of the great men of that time, among whom were Wellington, Coleridge, and the recluse, Wordsworth, who recited poetry to him under the classic trees of Rydal Mount. But the greatest of all was Carlyle, whom he found at Craigenputtock, "amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Here the two men who were to be foremost of their age, wove their hearts together in bonds of unseverable friendship. The rough, rugged, cynical Carlyle, whose mental structure was so attuned that everything and everybody disturbed its harmony, found in the gentle, wise Emerson, the one harmonious chord of his soul. For forty years they communed across the Atlantic, weaving the while, with invisible threads, a solid cable between two nations. Carlyle, in one of his moods, said, "There is but one man in America, Mr. Emerson." And when, two years ago, his nephew, Dr. Carlyle, of the Toronto Normal School, went to visit him, one of his first questions was, "Did you see Mr. Emerson?" On being answered "No," "How could you," said he, "leave America without first visiting him?" Before England knew her hero, Mr. Emerson knew him with a keen appreciation, and published in America *Sartor Resartus*, then rejected by London publishers. How the world changes! Now, what scrap from Carlyle's pen or life, however sacred, will their sacreligious hands withhold from the insatiable gaze of mankind?

On Mr. Emerson's return from abroad he removed his home from Boston to Concord, then a small town among the green hills of

New Hampshire, the old home of the Emerson family. His heart must have preceded him, for two years before he wrote:

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wide grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple office low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

However weary Mr. Emerson may have been of the shallows of the world he did not go up to Concord to sit at ease under arches of green but for solid work, to which he unremittingly devoted himself. Together with the essays and poetry, he wrote one hundred lectures which for forty successive seasons he delivered in Boston, Salem, and Concord—lectures that thrilled New England with new life. Scholar, tradesman, farmer, mechanic, and housekeeper all felt their inspiration. To toil he gave another meaning than the mere getting of bread and meat. He says in a chapter on the "Uses of Great Men," "The destiny of organized nature is amelioration, and who can tell its limits? It is for man to tame the chaos on every side while he lives, to scatter the seeds of science and of song, that climates, corn, animals, men, may be milder, and the germs of love and benefit may be multiplied." Most of these lectures remain in manuscript. Some are published in "Representative Men" and in his "Miscellanies." But one cannot read in "Society and Solitude" the chapters, "Civilization," "Domestic Life," "Farming," "Courage," "Books," without feeling that Emerson touched our toiling life all around, and knew the secret of making it nobler and better.

As a speaker the charm of his manner, fine delivery, and eloquence, carried his sound practical facts home to every heart, and made him the most popular lecturer of his time, a time when platform discourse was at its best estate, when the best men brought their best thoughts to it, when it was an educator of the people, not as now, a mere amusement.

As an essayist he is certainly a prince. The *Literary World* says, "Nobody stands before Emerson here. He is a prose builder of solid thoughts laid together like blocks of granite that need no mortar." Besides their solidity, their humanity, their beauty, they are models of condensation, a prize for a nineteenth century, which whirls so fast, that if any one has aught to say, to be heard he must be brief. Joubert mentions the power "to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word." This power belonged pre-eminently to Mr. Emerson. In his "Day's Ration" he says:

> "Why need I volumes, if one word suffice?
> Why need I galleries, when a pupil's draught
> After a master's sketch fills and o'er fills
> My apprehension?

And how often the reader of his essays is filled and o'er filled by a single sentence:

"'Tis as easy to twist iron anchors and braid cannons, as to braid straw; to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order."

There you have at once the secret of success, conformity to the laws. Men fail in mechanics because they try to twist iron anchors, and in morals because they try to be upright without taking "all the steps in order." Again he says:

"The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey it will yield us—bees."

"'Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor—a matter of coins, coats, and carpets."

"Bad times have a scientific value. They are occasions a good learner would not miss. Civil war, national bankruptcy, or revolution, are more rich in the central tones than languid years of prosperity."

"No man has prosperity so high and firm but two or three words can dishearten it."

"There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress."

His pages fairly glitter with these aphorisms, which are, according to Coleridge, "the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge."

The "American Cyclopædia" states of Mr. Emerson "that his style is in the nicest harmony with the character of his thought. It is condensed almost to abruptness. Occasionally he purchases compression at the expense of clearness. The singular beauty and intense life and significance of his language demonstrate that he has not only something to say, but knows exactly how to say it."

Only that genius has its own ways, and makes curious compounds, one would say that abruptness, and practical acuteness could not be united to an intensely poetic mind. There Mr. Emerson is singularly endowed. Had he never written a line of rythmic verse he would most assuredly be pronounced a poet. Where could be found finer rhythm than the following?

"The day immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough."

"What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between, this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year?"

"It is the best sign of a great nature, that it opens a foreground, and like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward."

"Now flow amain the surges of summer's beauty; dell and crag, hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade, are touched with genius. Yon ragged cliff has a thousand faces in a thousand hours."

Not more poetic is the following, from that gem of poetry, "May Day."

> "What fiery force the earth renews,
> The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
> Joys, shed in rosy waves abroad,
> Flows from the heart of love, the Lord."

It has been said that a good prose writer could not write good poetry, nor a good poet, good prose. Here genius is again supreme. The *Saturday Review* cleverly remarks, "Mr. Emerson philosophised like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher"—an epitome of the whole matter. "May Day," which is a fine illustration of picturesque verse and subtle philosophy, would alone

establish our poetical prose writer among the best composers of lyrical verse.

"The Snow Storm" is a piece of rare description:

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
> Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
> Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
> Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
> And veils the farm house at the garden's end,
> The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
> Delayed; all friends shut out, the housemates sit
> In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

"The Humble Bee" brings at once before the reader not only the "burly, dozing bee," but a witching savour of long ago. From the middle and end we have two stanzas:

> "Hot midsummer's petted crone,
> Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
> Tells of countless sunny hours,
> Long days and solid banks of flowers;
> Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
> In Indian wildernesses found;
> Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
> Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.
> * * * * * *
> Wiser far than human seer,
> Yellow-breeched philosopher,
> Seeing only what is fair,
> Sipping only what is sweet,
> Thou dost mock at fate and care,
> Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Many of his longer poems are adorned with rarest gems of thought, and blemished by obscurities like brooks that alternately glisten in the sunlight, and then are lost among reeds and tangled grass. He has by some one been compared to an Æolian harp, which now gives, and then waywardly withholds its music. Mr. Lowell in his "Fable for Critics," says:

> "In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
> But thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter."

We go through Mr. Emerson's poetry with the assurance of children who go to the forests and fields for flowers, and with the

same result; here a single trillium and there a broad bank of anemones, are sure to repay the eager quest.

Great men and their homes do not always harmonize; Mr. Emerson's was, like himself, an abode of "plain living and high thinking," a true exponent of what he writes in "Domestic Life." His tastes were simple, his thoughts great, his hospitality genial and wide. While the green hills and forest-glens, the wood-skirted pond, the winding Musketaquid and frowning Monadnock nourished his heart, the communion of a friend, which meant to him much more than the conventional exchange of calls and teas, was of far richer worth. "Happy," said he, "is the house that shelters a friend." Mr. Alcott said of him: "His is a faith approaching to superstition concerning admirable persons, the rumour of excellence of any sort being like the arrival of a new gift to mankind, and he the first to proffer his recognition and hope. He must have taken the census of the admirable people of his time, numbering as many among his friends as most living Americans, while he is recognized as the representative mind of his country, to whom distinguished foreigners are especially recommended when visiting America." Among the many who came was the deep-souled Frederica Bremer, of whom Joseph Cook spoke in one of his lectures as "that authoress, whose works Germany gathers up in thirty-four volumes." She came out of the snows of Northern Europe, and one day found Mr. Emerson walking down the avenue of pines in front of his house, through the falling snow, to greet her. Day after day they conversed on the highest themes. The last interview was closed by Mr. Emerson with these words, "I do not wish that people should pretend to know or believe more than they do know or believe. The resurrection, the continuance of our being, is granted; we carry the pledge of this in our hearts. I merely maintain that we cannot say in what form or what manner our existence will be continued."

There the mystic Alcott held his "conversations," to which Hawthorne brought his weird fancies; Thoreau, the recluse naturalist, his studies from nature; Channing his wide learning; and Mrs. Ripley, the then most learned woman in New England, Mrs. Alcott, Miss Hare, and Mrs. Emerson, added their charms of womanly nobility and grace. With these, and others of Mr. Emerson's neighbours, who assembled for high discourse in this

royal home, were to be found from time to time, distinguished men and women from both the Old World and the New who brought their poetry, politics, art, religion, literature, to this intellectual shrine. But they who went to this modern New England oracle for enlargement, enriched him. He says of them: "High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts."

But these scraps and fragments which we have gleaned, how small they seem to tell the legacy of this rich man! But who are his heritors? We are all his heritors. Whether we will or no, what he has written, and lived, must directly or indirectly come to us. His crisp, condensed, energetic prose must more and more become the admiration of readers, and a model for speakers and writers. His pure, noble, honest life, his love for man, his devotion to God and His laws, "his outspoken denunciations of expediency, utilitarianism and materialism" furnish to orthodoxy an example of the higher possibilities of a life guided by the deeper, richer, fuller truth as it is revealed in Christ the Son of God.

TORONTO, *June, 1882.*

FRETTED.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE mussel closes its sand-fretted wound
With a pearl, it is said;
Well done of Nature if she taught so well!
The mussel, be it said,

Is wiser far than man, for he is chafed
By sands, with teeth that cut
Into the quivering nerve—to the heart's core—
To the life's inmost seat.

And the hurt closes, but unsightly things
The calloused woundings are.
We close the wound, but till the heart is dust
It wears its secret scar.

DARWIN AND DARWINISM—SCIENCE NOT ANTAGONISTIC TO FAITH.

BY WILLIAM CANNIFF, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

THE death of Charles Darwin has brought afresh to the attention of the world, both religious and scientific, the subject of Darwinism and Evolution. But these two terms do not, as is unfortunately thought by many, possess the same meaning. And what is equally unfortunate, the exact meaning of Darwinism has been too generally and too greatly misunderstood. No works of a scientific nature bearing on revelation and religious faith have to so large an extent riveted the attention of the scientist and the theologist as those of Darwin. Since the appearance of the anonymous "Vestiges of Creation" which was attributed by some to a well-known Scottish divine, nothing has so deeply stirred the scientist on the one hand, and the Christian scholar on the other. This feeling of unrest and doubt, with not a few conscientious searchers after divine truth, and of expectancy and exultation on the part of the skeptical and unbeliever, was doubtless intensified by the Oxford "Essays and Reviews," and the writings of Bishop Colenso, also those of Herbert Spencer and others.

It is not, however, the object of this paper to discuss the general question of Evolution or Darwinism, and how far the theories of Darwin are capable of proof, nor to point out the distinction in his works between what is supported by facts in nature, and what is merely surmised and advanced as possible or probable. The object in view is twofold: to vindicate the medical profession against the unjust charge, now and then made, of unbelief and skepticism in relation to religious faith; and at the same time to show that the principles of Darwinism are not antagonistic to Divine revelation. Probably there is no class of scientific men who have been, or can be more interested in this subject than the members of the medical profession. Darwinism has supplied to medical science a key to many mysteries as to the causation and propagation of disease. Some writers and teachers, without a full knowledge of the subject, have jumped to conclusions not in accord with Darwinism, yet given to the public as the result of Darwin's theories. But that the

profession as a whole has become skeptical cannot be admitted. Clouds of doubt and disbelief will at times come over the mind of the student of nature, but a further and full investigation will surely dispel them.

A few weeks before the death of Darwin there appeared in the London *Lancet*, one of the leading representative medical journals of the day, a letter bearing the signature of "Veritas," calling the attention of the editor to the fact that some two or three years ago an article appeared in the *Lancet* dealing exhaustively with the subject of evolutionary materialism and modern skepticism and infidelity. While being a very decided protest against narrow-minded conclusions and inferences, drawn from scientific facts to the disadvantage of faith and religion, the article referred to clearly and distinctly defined the then position of true science in relation to this great question now agitating the minds of all thoughtful and well-wishing men. The writer then says:

"The extensive diffusion of the principles of evolution, for the most part imperfectly understood, and the attitude of prominent men of science towards matters religious, have not failed to spread their influence over the minds of men and women of almost all classes of society; and it has gradually come to be supposed that faith in God, the responsibility of man, and the immortality of the human soul are conceptions of an uncultivated and bygone age, and no longer tenable when viewed in the light of our modern science. A scorning skepticism appears to be the leading principle of modern thought. The Bible is ridiculed, the arguments of Paley and Butler, conclusive though they are, are rejected as silly and old-fashioned, and the higher moral attributes of man are pronounced visceral in their nature and physical in their origin. Metaphysical, historical, and theological arguments have wholly ceased to exert an influence, and the many endeavours of able and learned men of the Church to check the evil appear to be useless. Science alone is quoted; physical science reigns over the minds of men! It is evident, therefore, that the time has come when a tremendous effort is needed, and that on the part of true science herself, to check the course of the malady, and to recall the intellect of our age to reason and common-sense."

The writer then calls upon the *Lancet* to give "a clear and dis-

tinct definition of the true scientific state of the question, and to sound the voice of reason, of common sense, and of science." In the same issue the editor promptly responds to the call, and very effectively deals with the question. From this editorial and two subsequently written, one being after the death of Darwin, are selected some of the thoughts and statements which it is believed will show that the study of that branch of physical science known as physiology, instead of tending to disbelief in a Creator, naturally carries the student to a recognition of a God, the primal cause of all things.

The *savant*, in his investigations of nature and researches for scientific facts, usually repudiates all that cannot be demonstrated. The *Lancet* proceeds to remark as follows:

"He is unable to find life or a soul in man, and, therefore, he concludes that the being he has taken to pieces in his scientific method must needs have been put together without life or a soul. It is true that he cannot make a man, although he can, so to say, unmake one, by his methods or processes. There is something wanting to vivify the elements his analytical method has enabled him to discover and taught him to bring together, before these can be combined; but he scorns the inference that this something must—or let us say may—be external in its origin, because it is alien to his nature as a scientist and inconsistent with his habit of thought to admit any presumption into his theory, least of all, to use a presumption as a corner-stone of the edifice.

"We cannot altogether blame the investigator of natural facts because he declines the proffered aid of what he deems a fiction to help him out of the difficulty. What we do condemn is the folly of refusing to admit that which must be clear to the inner consciousness of every man of science—namely, that it is just as much or as little a fiction—using that term in its proper sense —to hypothecate the existence of an unseen and undemonstrable property of life in protoplasm as it is to assume that life is like the Promethean fire, something added to, or brought to bear upon, organised or organizable matter from without. The scientist draws as largely on fiction for the solution of his difficulty when he affirms that life is an attribute or property of protoplasm, as the non-scientist can do when he accepts and adopts the doctrine that man lives because the Creator breathed into his nostrils the

breath of life, and that all life, whether that of plants or animals, came from God. In short, science gains nothing in point of precision by skepticism in matters of religion. The scientist simply draws on conjecture in his own province to compensate him for the lack of that aid which is offered him from the province of revelation. The professed 'materialist' has no ground for the belief he hugs that he is a stronger-minded and more rational man than his brother who believes in the Bible story of creation; because the scientific hypothesis of life in protoplasm is equally incredible if we come to demonstrable facts, and requires not less 'credulity' if we speak of inferences. This is the sum of the whole dispute of science *versus* faith.

"As a matter of fact we do not think there are many, if any, of the true workers in science who are absolutely unbelievers, or disbelievers, in the unknown. There is, as we have said, a heroic impulse which leads men to deny what they cannot understand, but in heart they must, and do make this reservation, "so far as our present knowledge extends," and this reservation is the very seed and essence of faith. It is not faith *in esse*—in a state of fructification,—but it is faith *in posse*, being a latent but vital germ of belief in the possibility of further knowledge which shall satisfy the need of the mind. If this be so, and we are convinced that it is, why not lay aside the affectation of unbelief, and admit in words what is already felt in the inner consciousness, namely, that life is a mystery, and that the Science of Nature is—so far as that science has yet been explored—incapable of explaining it? If the scientist is not prepared to accept the explanation which religion offers him, at least let him be willing to confess that he has no better hypothesis to set up in its stead. It is mischievous and misleading to say that science is antagonistic to religion. There is no such opposition.

"We may turn our backs on religion and repudiate revelation, but we have nothing better to turn to. No single fact in science is inconsistent with, or opposed to, the hypothesis of inspired or derived vitality, or the work of a Creator. Indeed, there is a need for this or some other hypothesis in the explication of physiology. The scientist is at liberty to reject religion as an aid to science, but if he does this on the ground that what religion has to offer is hypothesis, he must on the same ground regret the hypothesis of life as a property of proto-

plasm. All true men know this; and when in their writings and utterances they indulge in the romance of skepticism, the position they assume is one-sided and untenable, because they are in truth just as skeptical as to the explanation which science has to offer with regard to the mysteries of origination and life, as they can possibly be in relation to the explanation which religion proffers, and on precisely the same grounds. If the undemonstrable is to be denied and repudiated on the one side, it must be denied and repudiated on the other also.

"The doctrine of original sin, with the cognate proposition of indwelling and transmitted evil, has through all historic time been a profound and perplexing mystery. The oldest of the Chaldaic and Jewish writings contain laborious attempts to explain this most inscrutable and embarrassing subject of belief and experience. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Man is 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity.' How can these things be? Who has not felt his inner sense of justice startled, and his heart chilled by the representation of the Deity as a God of supreme love and righteousness, yet visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; as omnipotent, but refusing to cut off the entail of misery which human nature undoubtedly inherits, or to put a stop to the increase of those who are born to struggle and suffer under its burden of grief and ignominy? To the scientist of the last and even the early part of the present century, it appeared that the only way in which the sins of the fathers could be visited upon the children involved a special act of avenging anger, while the only sense in which evil could be said to be transmitted implied a reintroduction of evil into the stock of humanity with each generation. The Darwinian doctrine of evolutionary development which, be it observed, has no necessary or even natural connection with the figment of spontaneous generation which speculative *savants* have tried to hang upon it, at once and clearly explains how, if there ever was evil in human nature, it must of necessity be persistent throughout the whole progeny of our first parents; and if the fathers sinned, their children cannot by any possibility escape the penalty of their offences. Thus science has, by one discovery, removed the difficulty which has perplexed the mind of man through countless generations. It is now no longer inexplicable that innocent children should be 'born in sin and shapen

in iniquity.' This is an inevitable consequence of the physico-mental continuity of that nature of which they partake. The brain of the parent, with its organised habits of thought and character, its inherited and acquired peculiarities, all formulated and ingrained—as it were—by the physical basis of mind, is reproduced in the brain of the child, subject to the repressive, but not extinguishing, influence of a double strain and cross-inheritance, both parents contributing the attributes of their natures to their joint offspring, and the latter being the co-efficient or resultant of the two. In short, the facts of human nature are of scientific necessity, precisely as revelation has described them.

"Again, the Darwinian doctrine of development by or through the environment—the constitution, powers, capacities, needs, and affinities of the organism developed, being the reflexes of the conditions in which it is produced, and, therefore, the corollaries of external fact and circumstance, throws new light on the nature and significance of the universality of a belief in a God, a soul, and a future existence. The student of nature can no longer contend that there is nothing in or about the animal organism, or being, of man to necessitate, or even to imply the existence of a God, the possession of an unseen soul by man, or the prospect of his living after death. Inasmuch as the doctrine of development compels the belief that no faculty can possibly exist in the mind of man which is not the express fruit of his inherited constitution, and that the physico-mental estate entailed has been created by the influence of the environment, it follows that there must be, and must ever have existed outside man, and acting upon him externally, a force or forces which have made religious sentiment or belief an integral part of his nature. This sentiment or belief is not the result of civilization merely, for it exists in all races, the lowest as well as the highest. It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid, that the religious instinct is universally present in man. It follows, we say, on the principle of 'development through the environment,' that there must be something beyond the ken of man, in his present stage of intellectual growth, calling forth within him those attributes of his nature which in their fruition result in a formulated belief. Whoever else may doubt the existence of a God, of a soul, and of a future, the honest

student of physiological psychology cannot do so, because he is bound to infer the existence of a cause for every effect, and he finds in the physico-mental constitution of man, powers, yearnings, dispositions, and characteristics which can only have been developed or elicited by the operation of a persistent cause which true science worships as the unknown God, and whom true religion reveals and proclaims.

"Proof of the assertion that a growing skepticism prevails in the medical profession would imply ignorance of science instead of knowledge on the part of medical men. There are two classes of minds which may, indeed, be skeptical: the triflers with science who know nothing certainly or deeply, and those who indulge in the romance of speculative incredulity, and for the sake of a seeming freedom from reverence for the unknown, make shipwreck of their own and others' mental happiness. Setting aside these two classes of self-made or pretended skeptics we must be excused for believing that skepticism does not prevail in the medical profession to anything like the extent we find it prevailing outside that body, and for the reason we have endeavoured to indicate—namely, that science forbids unbelief."

Writing after the death of Darwin the *Lancet* says, referring to its previous articles, "We strove to suggest—we had not space to demonstrate—the way in which the Darwinian doctrine of evolutionary development gave a solid scientific basis for belief in the existence of a God in the universe and a soul in man. Charles Darwin discovered a new phase of truth; and truth is one and indivisible—no one of its aspects can reflect destructively on any other." After expressing the opinion that Darwin's discovery equals if it does not transcend the discovery of the law of gravitation by Newton, by whose side Darwin has just been laid in the mausoleum of England's worthies, the *Lancet* refers to the noble declaration of M. Pasteur, "that faith in the Infinite is not incompatible with, but actually grows out of, a precise knowledge of the facts of nature so far as her mysteries have been explored."

The *Lancet* in closing, remarks:—"All really active minds must take refuge in dogmatism if they would find rest. Of the brothers Newman, one after passing through a long series of phases of faith, suffered what has been alleged to be an eclipse of faith. This energetic thinker actually took refuge in dogmatism of the

type supplied by Comte. The other brother, being brought to the same strait in his intellectual life sought rest in the dogmatism of the Roman Church and theology. The human mind in its higher development soon wearies of doubt, and negation can afford no resting-place." * * "We repeat there is no rest without dogmatism—the dogmatism which abolishes the metaphysical, or the dogmatism which elaborates and embodies faith. * * * Charles Darwin found rest in the faith of Nature's God—the Unknown, because undiscovered God, the Cause and Creator, which the temple of nature, as Darwin saw and worshipped in it, denotes and requires, wherein the innermost and most mysterious chamber is filled with a cloud that veils and yet reveals the Presence towards which the human consciousness in its abiding sense of incompleteness yearns. * * * The primeval germ of nature is a necessity of the hypothesis of evolution. Charles Darwin felt this to be the fact, and he was *not* an atheist, a materialist, or an unbeliever."

That a great change has taken place in the opinion generally as the effect of Darwin's theories and discoveries upon revelation and faith is abundantly attested by the religious press as the subjoined extracts will show :

The Christian Advocate, of New York, in a leader, says :—" Personally, Mr. Darwin was modest, courteous, deliberate, and industrious. His style was lucid and sometimes picturesque. He believed in God; at least, we recall expressions which cannot, without distortion, be explained except upon that assumption. Many of his followers went further than he, and 'Darwinism,' as judged by the works and words of some of its most vehement advocates, is very different from what we have found in a careful perusal of his writings.

" Infidel parrots may repeat what they hear in favour of evolution as a basis of materialistic philosophy ; theological parrots or bigots may fulminate against evolution ; the few orignal investigators who are infidels will 'project' conclusions beyond their facts ; the few original investigators who are Christians will accept as much of 'evolution, as a working hypothesis,' as may seem proven or probable : but the great mass of rational people will rest in the fundamental assumption, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'"

The Interior, Presbyterian, Chicago, says :—" As to essential features—that is, as accounting for the growth and rise of the forms of life, through the ages which geology discloses, and as accounting for man's body even through a process of ages—evolution is entirely consistent not only with theism, but with the Biblical account of creation."

The Presbyterian, Philadelphia, says :—"It may be among the possible things of the future that, out of the scheme of Darwin, his predecessors and followers, may arise one of the noblest triumphs of natural theology. Some coming mind may construct, from the wealth of facts so laboriously amassed by unbelieving naturalists, as well as by their devout co-labourers, the grandest and most convincing argument for the Being of a Personal Creator, as drawn from evolution."

The Congregational, Boston, says :—"That there is some truth in the theory of evolution, however, most scientists, including those of Christian faith, believe, and Mr. Darwin certainly has done much to make the facts plain ; but no scientific principle established by him ever has undermined any truth of the Gospel."

The Advance, Congregational, Chicago, says :—"'There is a grandeur,' says Darwin in his 'Origin of Species,' 'in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one ; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved.'"

But, perhaps, no other evidence is required than the fact that the mortal remains of Darwin were received for Christian burial within Westminster Abbey, and that the Rev. Canon Farrar, in preaching a funeral sermon, thus spoke of the dead :—

"After speaking of the discoveries of Darwin about coral reefs and volcanic islands, the preacher observed that in his 'Origin of Species' and 'Descent of Man' the great naturalist had shown that the doctrine of heredity was pregnant with moral warning. The chapter on the struggle for existence read like a thrilling tragedy, which must have its significance ages hence, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest might be so used as to act like a moral lever for the elevation of all mankind. After touching on the beauty and usefulness of many of Mr. Darwin's exquisite botanical theories, Canon Farrar proceeded to say that as a boy Mr. Darwin had been under the influence of deeply religious impressions. There was evidence, he thought, that he never lost those impressions. This at least was clear : that in all his simple and noble life Mr. Darwin was influenced by the profoundly religious conviction that nothing was beneath the earnest study of man which had been worthy of the mighty hand of God. Alluding to the rapidity with which the views of Mr. Darwin had won their way, Canon Farrar observed that theologians had learned at least the modesty of silence where they had no training for an opinion on scientific theories. Misguided zeal had forced science and religion into unholy antagonism. But in this matter there had been mistakes on both sides. If clergymen had sometimes arrogated the name of religion on grounds born of false dogma and mistaken system, physicists also had often arrogated the name of science on premature conclusions based on insufficient facts.

Both had reared on a basis of sand and on pillars of smoke their pretentious temples. A truce to this childish antagonism. The fundamental doctrines of religion were eternally true—the fundamental doctrines of science were eternally true. Religion was the voice of God to man, in history, in conscience, in experience, in the Gospel. Science was the voice of God to man in nature. Scripture was his Bible written with paper and ink. Science was His Bible written on the starry leaves of heaven, and the rocky tablets of the world."

THE SOWER.

BY MRS. MULOCK-CRAIK.

In the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thine hand.
What it will bring forth, wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed,
Yet sow thy seed.

See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee, night lingers still.
Flapping their fatal wings, come the black foes,
Following, following over the hill.
No repose;
Sow thou thy seed.

We, too, went sowing in glad sunrise;
Now it is twilight, sad shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast life flies,
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with a trembling hand,
Spirit half broken, heart-sick and faint,
His winds will scatter it over the land,
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from taint.
Sinner or saint,
Sow the good seed.

—*Sunaay Magazine.*

PATENTED INVENTIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS ON THE AFFAIRS OF MEN.

BY JAMES H. LANGE.

I.

Before entering upon the subject of inventions, let us consider for a moment the inventors themselves, and ascertain to whom and what kind of persons we are indebted for inventions.

First, then, we have what may be termed the occasional or accidental inventor. He is one who, without any training or education in the line of mechanics in which he invents, produces an invention, which may be of value, though generally the reverse is true. Ofttimes, he is extremely poor and ignorant, and the invention is of the most bungling and inferior order; yet he imagines he has the means within his grasp that will produce untold wealth, and he will forthwith borrow enough money to secure a patent, which, when in his possession, he imagines the "open sesame" to riches and fame. He is happy for a time, though impatient to stir the world. He makes several efforts to secure a sale of his patent, but, strange to him, meets with little encouragement. Time passes, and instead of the inflowing wealth, he will have spent more of his hard-earned dollars. Finally, he gets a realizing sense that, notwithstanding his invention, his patent, and his high hopes, he is still to "fortune and to fame unknown."

This class is often represented by a backwood's farmer, who, having to rebuild his fence that has been blown down by the storm, or repair his gate, which has served its usefulness, will think out, or perhaps stumble over what appears to him a great invention.

Or, another, perhaps a labourer, taking his annual trip along the railroad track "to town," sees that some of the nuts attaching the fishplates of the rail are loose, and have heard of "the squire" who got rich out of somebody's patent, proceeds to invent a nut-lock. In such cases, perhaps, the only benefit which ever arises from the invention is received by some patent agency.

Another class is the real inventive genius—one who is full of invention, and wants to invent, and must and does invent,

despite every obstacle. These are valuable men, and should receive encouragement. They are the creators of genuine inventions, and the leaders of others, who improve and perfect and render such inventions practical for useful purposes. These men are hopeful beyond degree, and sanguine of success under every disappointment and delay.

A large proportion are persons of little thrift in the way of business—men without business tact, often of confiding natures, and men who are always looking forward to the protection of the patent law for their reward.

Such men do not look to days' wages, but are always thinking of the great reward a successful invention will bring them under the patent law. They always believe they will succeed, sooner or later, and are ever ready to work and wait for a great future.

Speak with a man of this class and he will not tell you of the wonderful ingenuity of his invention, but will describe in glowing language the great results to be accomplished, and what a power in the earth the invention will become. These men, however, are not to be relied upon to keep up the progress of the arts. This is performed by still another class, who form by far the greater portion of inventors, and who occupy a middle ground between the two classes just described. I have reference to the men who improve and perfect machinery, and render it practical and successful in the business world.

These persons are skilled in their several departments; are thoughtful and observant; are steady and progressive in their labour, and go about their work with the same degree of method, care, and study as is given by a physician in arriving at the principles of medicine, or a business man controlling a large business.

Many of this class are the owners of large establishments, and are kept constantly inventing to overcome obstacles in their business, to keep abreast with other manufacturers, and to protect and enlarge their own industry. Others are employed by large concerns to invent and perfect machinery; and it is not an uncommon thing to find in large establishments such men working in their shirt sleeves for salaries ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 per annum.

I cannot better depict the general character of these skilled workmen than to quote from a speech delivered by Chauncey Smith, Esq., an able patent lawyer, before the United States Con-

gress, in 1878. He says: "I have often been astonished at the great amount of scientific and technical knowledge possessed by our mechanics; at the acuteness of their observations, the activity of their imaginations in forecasting results, and their fertility in expedients, and the soundness of their judgment in all things pertaining to the properties of matter, and the laws and operations of nature. They carefully watch for the results of the labours of scientific men in their fields of research. They are familiar with what has been achieved in those fields, and are diligently labouring to turn their knowledge and acquirements to practical account. It is no unusual thing to have a common mechanic, explaining some invention of his own, refer to the researches and discoveries of such men, for instance, as Tyndall, and Sir. Wm. Thomson."

The men thus referred to, are the ones to whom we must look for a great proportion of the most valuable and useful inventions. To these must we give credit as being important factors in bringing wealth and prosperity to a country.

Having thus considered in a hasty manner the several general classes of inventors and some of their characteristics, whereby we will be able to more fully and intelligently understand and appreciate their productions, let us now give our attention to the consideration of a few of the more important and useful inventions, and mark the benefits flowing therefrom.

We will start with the plow, since it has been said to be the implement which is at the foundation of all wealth, and the basis of all civilization; for without the plow there can be no successful cultivation of the soil.

First, let me give you a description of the plow in use in the early part of the present century, as set forth in the report of the transactions of the New York Agricultural Society for 1856. The report says: "A winding tree was cut down, and a mould-board hewed from it with the grain of the timber running as nearly along its shape as it could well be obtained. Upon this mould-board, to prevent its wearing out too rapidly, were nailed the blade of an old hoe, thin straps of iron, or worn-out horse-shoes. The land side was of wood, its base and sides shod with thin plates of iron. The share and coulter were of iron. The beam was usually a straight stick. The handle, like the mould-board, split from the crooked trunk of a tree, or as often cut from

its branches. The beam was set at any pitch that fancy might dictate, with the handles fastened on almost at right angles with it, thus leaving the ploughman little control over his implement, which did its work in a very slow and imperfect manner."

This was the plow then in general use. Soon after iron plows began to be introduced, but, for some time, the farmers refused to use them, stating that they would poison the land! Gradually, however, the iron plow superseded the old form of plow, it was steadily improved upon, and the line of draught was determined, though this latter feature required almost fifty years for the inventive genius of the country, together with the observations of farmers and mechanics to be definitely settled; until now we have an all iron plow of tough, chilled iron, of great capacity and a most thorough and complete device.

To show the great importance of these improvements to any country, let me give an extract from a report of the New York State Agricultural Society for 1850. They say: "We have shown that there is a difference of power required to perform the same amount of work by different plows, amounting to 46 per cent. as shown by careful trial in England, and to 42 per cent. according to the trials instituted by the Society in 1850. It follows from this, that if the plow having the least draught was brought into universal use to the exclusion of those which require a greater power, it would reduce the cost of plowing in the United States 42 per cent., or it would reduce it from $20,000,000, to $11,600,000, leaving $8,400,000 in the pockets of the farmers. If we suppose that the same number of men and teams were employed as heretofore, then they would be enabled to cultivate an area 42 per cent. greater, with the same expenditure of power that they now employ—that is, they would cultivate an area of 113,000,000 acres without any more expenditure of power than they now do the 80,000,000 acres."

Passing by the corn-planter and corn-cultivator, let us look for a moment at the corn-sheller. Doubtless, some of my readers will remember seeing persons sitting astride the handle of a frying-pan, or of the barn shovel and scraping the ears of corn against them, or using the cob of one ear to shell the corn from another, and often shelling the skin from the hands. About five bushels in ten hours was an average day's work. Now we have shellers by which two men, with machine driver, by steam or

horse power, will shell one thousand five hundred bushels a day, the cobs being carried off into a pile by themselves and the corn run into sacks or waggons to be drawn off in bulk.

Notice the bearing such an invention has upon the welfare of a country. Take for instance the corn crop of the United States for 1877, which was 1,300,000,000 bushels. The entire population of the United States—every man, woman, and child, —every individual of these 40,000,000 people would be obliged to spend the entire six working days of the week, and till noon on Sunday, to shell the crop by the old process.

I pass now to the self-binding harvesting machine. From the time of Adam down to near the close of the last century the common sickle was used to cut grain. With this implement seven men in ten hours reaped one and a-half acre each. After that one man alone could, with the use of the cradle, cut one and a-half acres of wheat in ten hours.

The first patent for any kind of mower or reaper was granted in 1833, and from that date to the present time, vast amounts of money have been expended, labour performed, and experiments tried to improve machines for cutting and reaping grain; until we have now the self-binding harvester. Over five thousand patents have been granted in the United States alone for mowers and reapers; indicating the great amount of thought and labour involved though not the sums of money spent. Think of the capacity of this machine, the result of so much effort, cutting its fifteen or twenty acres of grain a day, with a boy driving two horses, reducing the cost of the cultivation of wheat to its lowest terms!

One bright morning in the fall of 1877, in the Valley of the Red River of the North, one could have seen twenty of these self-binding harvesters all starting together to reap a field containing seven thousand acres of wheat. That entire crop, which amounted to 154,000 bushels of wheat, which loaded five hundred freight cars, was not touched by a human hand until it had passed into the thresher!

Let us look for a while at the advance due to inventions that has been made in the manufacture of cotton. In the old time, before Whitney invented the cotton gin, it took a negro woman a day to gin a pound of green seed cotton, that is, remove the boll from the cotton seed. With the Whitney machine brought out

in 1793, then considered a wonderful device—a contrivance of four posts, two cylinders, and a crank—a man could gin 70 pounds a day ; whereas the latest gin of to-day turns out four hundred pounds an hour, or five thousand pounds a day. Less than a century ago seven or eight bales of cotton were seized on the English docks, on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States market.

Reflect for a moment upon the wonders involved in the production, at the present day, of a yard of cotton cloth. The cotton must be raised with the aid of patent machinery. Then, as soon as gathered, it is brought within the reach of some invention. First it is ginned, then baled by patented baling machines. These bales in turn are fastened by patent fasteners. It is conveyed to mills for manufacture by railroad, the fruit of invention of comparative recent years, and by steamships which did not exist at the commencement of this century. It is taken from the cars into the mills by patent derricks or elevators. It is cleansed by patent machinery ; it is spun by a long list of patented inventions ; it is woven into cloth which numbers, say, one hundred threads to the inch, containing at such a low estimate more than seven thousand yards of thread, and yet this yard of cloth when finally completed is sold, it may be, for not over four cents.

Just here, let me say a word about weaving. Doubtless some of my readers have spun or seen others spin with the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, which now finds a resting-place in the garret or out-house. Only last winter, I myself saw one of these spinning wheels in use. The operator walked backward and forward at her wheel drawing out and spinning a thread, perhaps, two or three yards long, then winding it on the spindle, and doing, if continued for a day, an amount of travel that would probably estimate four or five miles.

Now, mark the capacity of the spinning machine of the latest design. One girl attends a machine having 600 and sometimes 800 spindles, each of which spins 5,000 yards a day, or for the 800 spindles, 4,000,000 yards, or nearly 2,100 miles during the day, and yet the girl does not walk at all.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE INDIAN MISSION.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do,
How he fasted, prayed, and laboured ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him,
How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into heaven : . . .
" Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon."
—*Longfellow*—" Song of Hiawatha."

On Christmas morning Lawrence and his wife, and Dr. Norton and Miss Burton, set out in two " cutters " to cross the lake on the ice to the Indian village of Minnehaha, to attend the Indian Christmas feast. The day was bright and beautiful. The snow, pale pearl-colour in the shade, was dazzling white in full sunlight. The road was marked out by spruce boughs, stuck in the ice so that in snowstorms, or at night travellers might not lose the way. Where in places the snow was blown from the path the ice was so clear, that Jessie, the lively little mare, started to one side as if in fear of plunging into open water.

The bright sunlight, the frosty air, the swift motion, the tinkling of the sleigh-bells, the ringing of the steel upon the ice, the happy hearts within—all made the blood tingle in the veins ; and the merry laugh of Nellie Burton rang out upon the air as musical as silver chimes. Dr. Norton had purchased an elegant wolf-skin robe in honour of the occasion, and some of Lawrence's friends had presented him with a handsome crimson-trimmed buffalo-robe ; so keen as was the wind sweeping over the ice no one suffered from cold.

The four or five miles of ice were soon passed, and the Indian village reached. It was a straggling but thrifty-looking hamlet, the small wooden houses, for the most part, ranged along the shore for the convenience of the half amphibious summer life of their occupants, who at that season spent most of their time on the water, fishing, fowling, and the like. There were only two houses of more than one story, one of these was that of the resident missionary, the other that of Chief Big Bear. In front of the latter was a tall flag staff, from which gaily fluttered, in honour of the day, a Union Jack. Big Bear felt that he in some sort represented the Great Mother across the sea, and so must main tain the dignity of the empire on this important occasion. He had watched the progress of the sleighs across the ice and was at the landing with a number of his satellites to welcome his guests. He wore a new blanket-coat, with huge horn buttons, and with a piece of blue flannel, looking like a rudimentary epaulet, on each shoulder. A crimson scarf around his waist was the receptacle for his tobacco pouch and pipe. He wore leather leggings and moccasins, both trimmed with bright-coloured bead-work. On his breast, suspended by a blue riband, was a large silver medal, bearing the effigy of King George III., a family heir-loom, which his father had received for valour at the battle of Queenston Heights. The most incongruous feature of his attire was his black beaver hat, not of the latest Paris style, adorned with a crest of red herons' feathers. A broad and well-starched shirt collar, which seemed to imperil the safety of his ears, was the finishing touch of civilization.

"Welcome to Minnehaha," said the Chief, with a certain stately courtesy, and he politely assisted the ladies out of the cutters; and at the wave of his hand a motley group of Indians, who formed a sort of guard of honour, fired off a *feu de joie* in honour of the guests.

"I hope you are hungry," he said, "so that you can do justice to our feast."

"I'm fairly starving," said Miss Burton, struggling out of her wrappings. "I could almost eat a big bear myself."

"You had better take care that Big Bear don't eat you," said the Chief, "I'm sure you look good enough to eat," and he laughed heartily at his little joke.

The Doctor was a familiar visitor to the village, and took oc-

casion, as they proceeded to the church where the feast was given, to ask how old Bald Eagle, and Widow Muskrat, sick patients of his, were getting on.

The church was a good-sized wooden building, with a tin-covered spire which glistened brightly in the sun. It was a scene of unwonted activity—Indians, squaws, and young folk were swarming in and out "like bees about their straw-built citadel." The good missionary and his wife were busy directing and assisting. The room was nicely festooned with evergreens, long tables were laid lengthways, and a shorter one on a raised platform, or dais, at the end for the white guests. The tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things. The air was laden with the savoury odour of coffee, and of roast goose, roast bear, beaver tails, and other toothsome viands. Now ensued a curious scene—generous portions of everything that was good were set apart and sent to Bald Eagle, Widow Muskrat, and other sick, aged, or infirm people, who were not able to be present. Not until this was done did the Indians sing the grace and devote themselves to the main business of the day. And almost a day's business they made of it. One would think that they were laying in supplies for a week. After the white guests had partaken of the various dainties, including beaver tails, roast bear, and squirrel pie, and pronounced them very good, they found much amusement in observing the enjoyment of their copper-coloured hosts.

The gathering was a wonderful example of the influence of Christian civilization. Many of those present had been born pagans, and instead of celebrating with comely observance this Christian festival had been wont to sacrifice the white dog, and dance, to the hideous beating of the conjuror's drum, the frenzied medicine-dance; and well was it if their orgie did not end in bloodshed or murder, inspired by the whiteman's accursed "fire-water." But Elder Case sought out these wandering children of the forest, and preached in their lodges the Gospel of love, and gathered them into settlements, and sent missionaries among them—among whom were some who became the foremost men of Canadian Methodism—as Egerton, William, and John Ryerson, James Richardson, Sylvester, Thomas, and Erastus Hurlburt, Samuel Rose, James Evans, George Macdougall, and others; and from among the redmen themselves, have risen up

preachers of the Gospel like Peter Jones, John Sunday, Allan Salt, and Henry Steinhauer, to become missionaries to their red brethren.

Chief Big Bear, the translation of whose Indian name we have given as more picturesque than his English name, Silas Jones, was himself a striking instance of the elevating influence of Christian civilization. His father was a famous pagan chief whose breast was scarred with wounds received at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, in fighting for King George, whom he considered his ally—superior to himself only in possessing the suzerainty of many tribes. The son in youth followed the wanderings of his tribe, but by Elder Case's perseverance was placed in the Mount Elgin Industrial School—a missionary institution for training in religion and industry Indian youth. Here he learned to read, and write, and cipher, and to farm and build. His shrewd intellect was awakened and cultivated. He went back to his people, and was in course of time chosen chief of the tribe. He received Her Majesty's commission as a Justice of the Peace and did no disgrace to his office. He became a man of influence in the councils of his people. He secured for them a grant of land as a permanent home on the shores of the lovely *Lac du Baume*, where as a lad he had hunted the red deer, and sometime his fellow red men. He taught them the arts of agriculture and building. His own house and farm were models of neatness and thrift. He also built an elegant yacht in which he skimmed the lake. He became a class-leader and local preacher. We have seen side by side in his house Wesley's Sermons, and the Consolidated Statutes of Canada. He dispensed both law and Gospel to his people, and sometimes medicine as well.

He sent his daughter, who bore the pretty Indian name of "Wind Flower," which well described her graceful beauty, to the Wentworth Ladies' College, where she became one of its brightest pupils. She brought back, not merely what seemed to her kinsfolk an amazing amount of knowledge, but, what they appreciated more highly, an acquaintance with the refinements of civilization. She taught the Indian girls how to trim their hats and wear their dresses somewhat in the style of city belles; and we are afraid she was responsible for the introduction of the occasional crinoline and chignon which found their way among this unsophisticated community. But, better still, she taught

the children the Word of God in the Sunday-school, and played the organ in the village choir, and aided the missionary's wife in cultivating thrift and neatness and household economy among the Indian women of the village.

On the present occasion, when dinner was over, she played the organ while the choir sang very sweetly some Christmas hymns and anthems. Then the missionary gave a short religious address, suitable to the occasion, and Lawrence and Dr. Norton both made short speeches. Then by special request of Chief Big Bear, Miss Burton sang in her brilliant style some of her best pieces, and the Chief ended the feast with a speech of congratulation and good counsel, and wise and witty remarks, which were vociferously applauded. All the Indians, except a few of the oldest squaws, understood and spoke English, and gave an appreciative hearing to the addresses. Indeed, their intelligent attention might be a lesson to many a white-skinned audience.

As their guests departed, almost the entire population went down to the landing and ranged themselves in single file along the shore.

"Must we run the gauntlet of all these people?" asked Miss Burton, with a laugh, "I hope they will not beat us as their ancestors did the early French missionaries."*

"It is a gauntlet of a very different sort," replied Dr. Norton. "I'm not a Methodist, Miss Burton, but I admit that the Methodist Missions have wrought moral miracles in these people."

As the departing guests approached the shore, Chief Big Bear remarked that the Indians would like to bid them good-bye. Accordingly as they walked down the line they exchanged a hearty shake hands with each of their kind entertainers. Edith and Miss Burton were made the recipients of pretty little presents. The latter received from "Wind Flower," the Chief's pretty daughter, an elegant bead-embroidered bag, with many messages of love to the teachers of the Wentworth Ladies' College. Tears came into the eyes of the generous-hearted girl at this kindness from her red sister, and the pampered daughter of fashion, throwing her arms around the child of the forest, gave her an affectionate kiss.

* It was an old custom of the Iroquois savages to make their prisoners "run the gauntlet," as it was called, between two rows of Indians, who beat them with sticks, sometimes till they died.

Just as the party were getting into their sleighs, an old man who had been delayed by his lameness hobbled down the bank, and the ceremony of handshaking had to be gone through again with him.

"This is quite like holding a *levée*," said Miss Burton. "I will know how to do it when I open my *salon* in Paris."

As they drove away, waving kind farewells, the Indians fired another *feu de joie*, and gave a hearty cheer, and stood watching the sleighs till they disappeared in the golden haze of the setting sun.

The ride home was delightful. The snow had a delicate pinkish tinge, which deepened to a tender roseate hue. Some cubes of ice that were cut out for storage, flashed like diamonds or crystals of living topaz. The leafless trees upon the islands rose like branches of coral in the red sea of the ruddy twilight.* The exquisite gradations of tint in the western sky grew deeper and deeper, then paled to ashen gray, and the rising moon cast over lake and shore a pearly gleam, and the stars came out like sentinels in silver mail on heaven's crystal wall. Later still, a rose-coloured aurora in the north flashed and gleamed, its mysterious streamers sweeping from horizon to zenith, and shifting like the evolutions of some stately dance. It was an hour of deep delight; and amid many later happy Christmas days the memory of this day upon the ice, and with the simple-minded Indians of Minnehaha, kept a cherished place.

Early in the following week Miss Burton sent over crimson-coloured headkerchiefs, enough for all the old women in the village, as well as a locket containing a miniature portrait of herself to "Wind Flower." Dr. Norton, who was her messenger, pleaded hard for the miniature for himself, but Miss Burton was inexorable.

"We must not forget the sterner sex," said the Doctor, and he supplemented the gift, with a liberal allowance of tobacco for the men.

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* Longfellow has somewhere made a similar comparison.

CHAPTER XX.—THE WORK-DAY WORLD.

"All true Work is sacred; in all true Work were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness."

—*Carlyle*—"Work."

The holidays soon passed and Miss Burton returned to College, having greatly enjoyed her visit.

"As I see your earnest useful life here," she said to Edith, "I feel that mine has been very shallow and empty, I feel greatly dissatisfied with my past, and I hope that my future may be more worthy of a rational and immortal being."

"Be assured, Nellie dear," replied Edith, "we will find more real happiness in trying to help others than in seeking only our own pleasure. So shall we be followers, in a humble degree, of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

After the festivities of the holiday season, the village and rural community settled down to steady winter work. Trees were felled in the pine woods, and with much "hawing" and "geeing" of oxen, the logs were dragged to the lake shore and rolled down the steep banks upon the ice. Railway ties, stave-bolts, cord-wood, and the varied wealth of the forest were prepared for the market.

One day in January, a few of the neighbours gathered in a sort of informal "bee," to replenish the wood pile in the parsonage yard. Early in the winter, as soon as the ice on the lake would bear, Lawrence had procured a few loads of the drift-wood that lay strewn along the shore, including some of the timbers of a vessel that had been wrecked and gone to pieces on one of the islands. But it proved wet and "soggy" wood, sputtering and smouldering in a very melancholy way on the hearth. Edith said it reminded her of Longfellow's pathetic poem—

> "O flames that flowed! O hearts that yearned!
> Ye were indeed, too much akin,
> The drift-wood fire without that burned,
> The thoughts that glowed and burned within."

Father Lowery, therefore, made Lawrence a present of several standing trees of hard maple, and early one morning, several axemen and teamsters assembled to convert these noble and

stately trees into the plain prose of firewood. Lawrence shouldered his axe with the rest and soon gave proof that he had not forgotten the skill acquired in the lumber camp on the Mattawa. As his sharp axe wielded by his long and vigorous arms bit into the boles of a mighty maple and soon made it totter to its fall, he gained the admiring respect of several athletic young men, as he never had by the most eloquent passages of his sermons.

"He's no fool with his axe, 'aint the preacher," said Phin Crowle to his brother, "I guess he's handled one before or I'm mistaken."

"Perhaps he understands some other things, too, better than you give him credit for," replied Bob; and certain it is that these young stalwarts of the logging bee, listened with more respectful attention to Lawrence's sermons thereafter.

Before night a small mountain of logs was piled up in the parsonage door yard. Edith, with the help of Mother Lowery and Carrie Mason, had prepared a sumptuous dinner and supper, to which the sturdy axemen did ample justice. Thus the generous helpfulness of these friendly neighbours conferred a substantial benefit upon their pastor, and also established him more firmly in their kind regards.

It was a favourite exercise of Lawrence's, after a few hours in the study, to grasp the axe, and mounting a mighty log to reduce it to a manageable size for use in the stove or broad old-fashioned fire-place. He was as great an enthusiast in praise of the axe as the present premier of Great Britain.

"It exercises every muscle," he said, "it expands and develops the lungs, and it oxygenates the blood, and sends it tingling through every artery."

If some of the dyspeptic, nerveless preachers, who find the least exercise a weariness, would buy an axe and keep a stout hickory log in the back yard, by way of a *pièce de resistance*, they would find that their sermons would be better, and life much more enjoyable.

CHAPTER XXI.—TEMPTATION AND FALL.

Tell me I hate the bowl !—
  Hate is a feeble word ;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
  With deep disgust is stirred ;
When e'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell !

Ever since the beginning of the winter Lawrence had been preaching a series of expository sermons on the Gospel of St. John, especially on the words of Our Lord as therein recorded. He became more and more absorbed in the study, as week after week he pored over those sublime, those divine words. The interest of the congregation also was strongly manifested and the Sunday evening meetings were crowded. He found, as every earnest-hearted man will find, that there was no need of *bizarre* and sensational performances which degrade the pulpit to the level of a mountebank's platform, to secure the attention and enlist the sympathies of his hearers. He found that the words of Christ are still true as when they were first uttered, "and I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." A feeling of deep seriousness pervaded the congregations, and several conversions, especially among the young people—drawn by the perennial attraction of an uplifted Saviour—took place.

Lawrence threw himself also vigorously into temperance work. Indeed, he found the village tavern, the "Dog and Gun," the centre and source of such malign influence, that he organized a lodge of Good Templars as a counter-influence to rescue the drunkard, and to save the young from falling into the toils of the tempter. Personally he had little liking for the regalia and paraphernalia of the lodge-room, for its signs, passwords, and ceremonies; but he recognized their value as a counter attraction to the temptations of the bar-room, and as giving a social interest to the temperance movement.

What more than anything else led him to establish the lodge, and to devote much of his time to its meetings, was a painful and almost tragical event which occurred not long after the camp-meeting. We have mentioned the conversion to sobriety and godliness, after a desperate struggle with his besetting sin, of Saunders, the village smith. At that time, Jim Larkins, the

tavern-keeper, said that the smith would not long keep his vows of amendment, and deliberately set himself with fiend-like persistency, to bring about the fulfilment of his prediction. At first he tried taunting and ridicule.

"How is it that we don't see you any more at the 'Dog and Gun?'" he asked Saunders one day. "Got to be too good for your old neighbours, have you? Trying to come the pious dodge, eh?"

"God knows I've spent only too much time in your tavern," replied Saunders, "and by His help I'll never cross its threshold again."

"You think so, do you, my pious friend?" said Larkins. "Before a month you will be glad to."

"God forbid! I'll die first!" ejaculated Saunders, as he hurried away as from a place of baleful enchantment.

Larkins now tried a more infamous scheme to ensnare in the toils of evil habit the victim who had escaped "as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." A few weeks later the fall fair was held in the village. It was a very busy time for Saunders, who was kept at work early and late, shoeing horses, setting tires, and the like, and was making good wages. One day amid the crowd of loafers at the tavern, Larkins suggested the idea, "What fun it would be to get Saunders drunk once more. He's on the pious lay, and thinks himself too good for any of us, you know."

"It would be rare fun if you could manage it," said Jake Jenkins, a rough-looking teamster, "but you can't, he's on the other tack, lectures me like a preacher every time I drop into his smithy. I 'most hate to go there now, but I've got to get my off horse shod to-day."

"Well, look here," said Larkins, a wretched plot coming into his mind. "You've got some cider in that jug. Saunders won't refuse to take a drink of that, it's regular temperance stuff, you know. Just let me doctor it a bit, an' ef that won't fetch him, well I'm mistaken;" and taking the cider jug he poured part of its contents out, and replenished it with strong brandy.

Jake Jenkins had taken enough liquor, himself to make him the reckless and facile tool of the tavern-keeper, and agreed, with a perfidy akin to that of Judas, to attempt the betrayal of

his friend. A few minutes later he was in the village smithy waiting while his horse was being shod.

"Hot work, Saunders," he said when the job was completed, as the smith wiped the beaded sweat from his brow and brawny breast. "Makes you thirsty, don't it?"

"Yes, that it do. I've drinked about a gallon of water this morning," said the smith.

"Bad for your constitution, so much water. Take a drink of new cider—nice and cooling you know," and Jake handed him the jug.

"Don't mind if I do," said Saunders, and lifting the jug to his lips, he drank a long and copious draught.

"Tastes queer for cider," he said as he set down the jug and went on with his work.

"May be some of last year's wuz in the bottom of the barrel," said Jake, and taking another drink himself he offered it again to Saunders.

Scarce knowing what he did, the smith drank again and again, till between them the jug was emptied. By this time Saunders was visibly under the influence of the brandy. The slumbering appetite was aroused within him, and like a tiger that has tasted blood was clamouring for more.

It required slight persuasion to induce the half-demented man to accompany Jake Jenkins to the tavern to appease the insatiable craving which was rekindled in his breast.

"Come at last, have ye?" sneered Larkins, "I knowed ye couldn't stay away long. I'll set up drinks for the crowd, just to welcome ye back to your old friends. Come, boys!" and he gave each what he asked, except that when Saunders hiccoughed out a request for cider, he filled his glass with brandy.

The unhappy man madly drank, and drank, and drank again; till delirium built its fires in his brain, and the scoundrel tempter sent him raving like a maniac to his home. As he reeled through the door of his cottage, his wife who had been singing gaily at her work, stopped suddenly, her face blanched white as that of a corpse, and she burst into a flood of tears. Her small home-palace, but now so happy, seemed shattered in ruins to the ground. The husband of her love, the father of her babes had become like a raging fiend. Those lips which that very morning

had prayed for strength against temptation and deliverance from sin were now blistered with cursing and blasphemies.

"O God," she cried in the bitterness of her anguish, "would he had died before he had left the house! Rather would I see him in his shroud than snared again in the toils of hell."

With a love and tenderness, that—like the Divine compassion of Him who came to save the lost—wearieth not forever, the heart-broken wife, unheeding the maundering and curses of the wretched man, endeavoured to soothe and calm his frenzied mind and get him to bed. One of the boys she sent for the minister, the unfailing source of sympathy and succour for the suffering and sorrowing in many a village community. When Lawrence arrived, he was shocked beyond measure to find his friend, over whose rescue he had rejoiced, lying on the floor, for he would not not go to bed, and calling for brandy, to satisfy the raging thirst that consumed him. He sent instantly for Dr. Norton, and as he knelt beside the unhappy man he registered a vow in heaven, God helping him, to fight against the accursed monster Drink while life should last.

The doctor soon arrived, and with a quiet firm authority, which even the half-crazed man felt, took charge of his patient. He treated him for acute mania, give him sedatives and soporifics, but could not ward off an attack of *delirium tremens* which soon supervened. It was dreadful to witness the sufferings of the wretched creature. The most frightful delusions haunted his mind. At times he would roar with terror as he fancied himself pursued by hideous mocking, mouthing, gibbering fiends. Then he implored the bystanders, oh, how eagerly! to save him from the horrid things, and cowering with horror he would cover his head with the bedclothes. Then starting up, he would stare with dilated eyes, as if frozen with fear, at vacancy, and make a sudden leap from the bed to escape the dreadful sight.

But worst of all was the blood-curdling, mocking laugh which rang through the room, when, like a raving maniac, the victim fancied for the time that he had eluded or overcome his ghostly foes. It was a scene which once witnessed, one would wish to never see again.

After a long illness, in which he was brought almost to death's door, he began slowly to recover. As he crept out into the sunlight, the very shadow of his former self, a nameless fear filled

the soul of his wife lest he should fall again a victim to the tempter.

"I would rather die in this chair, God knows," said the remorseful man, "but I cannot be sure of myself. I dare not say that I shall not fall again. There is a traitor within, which conspires with the tempter without, to beguile me to my undoing. The very sight, or smell, or thought of liquor comes over me at times with almost overmastering power."

The devoted wife went one day to implore the tavern-keeper, the haunting terror of her life, the tempter who had crushed her happy home—not to sell her husband any more liquor. He heard her impatiently, and then in cold-blooded words which froze her very heart, he said—

"See here, my good woman, do you see that license there?" pointing to a framed document on the wall. "I paid fifty dollars for that. Mine's a legitimate business, I'd have you know. I've got to get my money back. A fellow must live. So long as Bill Saunders can pay for liquor, he shall have it. If he takes too much, that's his look out, not mine." So petrifying, so soul-benumbing is the influence of this debasing traffic upon an originally not unkindly nature.

"The curse of God rest on you and your guilty traffic!" exclaimed the unhappy wife, in a sudden access of anguish and terror for him whom she loved most on earth.

"See here, Missis," said Larkins, cowering under her angry glance and fiery words, "I won't have none of your abuse. My business is under the protection of the law. So you jest get out or I'll put you out," and he bustled out from behind the bar with a threatening gesture.

"God forgive you, for you need it!" exclaimed the grief-stricken woman, with something of an angel's pity, nobly inconsistent with her previous passionate outburst; and she moved away in tears.

"THE works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being."

PROPOSED CHANGES.

BY REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

"I also will show mine opinion."—*Elihu.*

As the meeting of the General Conference draws near, brethren are suggesting changes which they deem desirable. The prominent position of Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, and the high esteem in which he is held as an earnest and liberal Methodist, have attracted considerable attention to an article by him in the May number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. As friendly discussion may conduce to a better understanding of the matters under consideration, I take the liberty of offering a few thoughts on the subject presented in this article. Though giving Mr. Macdonald credit for sincere conviction, I differ from him as to the necessity of any serious changes, and also as to the probable advantages of the changes which he proposes. I wish to indicate the reasons for this difference of opinion in a frank and friendly spirit. Throughout his article, Mr. Macdonald assumes that serious failure and decline are manifest in our church work, and that the cure for these alleged defects is some sort of episcopal superintendency or headship. Most readers will be sure to ask, where are the evidences of the alleged failure? and what are the facts which prove that episcopal supervision would remove the evils that Mr. Macdonald depicts, supposing them to exist? Unless these questions are answered by stronger arguments and more convincing facts than have been yet presented, it will be hard to vindicate the wisdom of attempting to unsettle the minds of our people, by depreciating the past work of our Church, in order to show the need that exists for, what must seem to many, a doubtful remedy. It is asked, whether the expectations of the Church at the time of the union in 1874 have been realized? We honestly think they have; and that the unification and consolidation of the elements then uniting have been fully all that could have been expected. There is also presented a series of questions in reference to the spiritual state of the Church, which indicates that Mr. Macdonald thinks there is a serious decline of spiritual power since the union. We do not think a full and careful examination of the facts of our history since that

time will justify the tone of complaint and depreciation which runs through his article. The facts recorded in the Dominion Census, the records of progress published in our Church publications, the special efforts put forth to sustain our missionary and educational work, the numbers added to the Church by the labours of our ministers, the amount of money expended in Church building, and the extension in our book and periodical department, are all against the conclusions alleged in this article. The whole record is one of great progress, not of decline and failure.

These questions which imply, though they do not formally declare that there is general spiritual decline, we think are not justified by the actual state of the Church at the present time. No doubt every Church falls below its own standard, and has room and need for improvement. There always have been some who are disposed to claim that the former days are better than these. But the conclusions adopted on this point are always largely determined by the mood in which we look at things. We can always find either cause for encouragement, or for complaint, according to our mood and desire in seeking. I am confident, however, the complaints and comparisons of this article would have had as much point any time during the last twenty-five years as they have at the present time.

But even if such decline and failure really did exist, there is no good reason to ascribe such declension and worldliness to our present form of government. There have been in the past times of spiritual declension under all forms of Church government. And it is an unquestionable fact that in all which relates to evangelistic and pastoral work, there is no change in our agencies and methods. They are the same as before the union. We still "walk by the same rule and mind the same thing;" and if times of spiritual deadness should come, the influence of the quickening Spirit is a far better remedy than any change in our Church machinery.

The same reply is applicable to the disparaging remarks about our mission work. It seems of no avail that our Church has extended her fields of labour largely in Manitoba—that our missionaries in Japan have been re-inforced—that the ordinary income has been largely augmented—that a large debt has been paid off by a noble and united effort, which indicates the vital unity of our Church from ocean to ocean, and its deep interest

in our mission work—our good brother can see little but retrogression and indifference since the union; and deems it a proof that our present Church organization is defective, because for the last few years we have not opened new missions in heathen lands. Our Church is unfavourably compared with the M. E. Church. Yet it is only a few years ago since Mr. Macdonald, at the General Conference of the M. E. Church, at Baltimore, U. S., compared the superior liberality of our Canadian Methodists in their gifts to missions, with that of U. S. Methodism, in a way that stirred up our friends in the United States to increased liberality. How then can the larger mission work of the larger Church condemn our work? If we have not in recent years opened new missions, surely this has not arisen from anything in our organization which prevented it. We have the same agencies for the work we have always had. The only difference between our present Missionary Board and the Missionary Committee before the union, is that the present arrangement places the power of inaugurating action in fewer hands, and is in fact less democratic than the old committee. It is somewhat suggestive that this greater concentration of power, should lead to a demand from some of the leading members of the present Missionary Board, in favour of placing still greater executive power in the hands of the few. With what I must regard as singular inconsistency, while it is alleged that we have among us a supply of men of ample ability and piety for bishops, to whom the greatest responsibility may be safely committed, our present Missionary Board is disparaged, as if it was unworthy to be compared with the English Wesleyan Missionary Committee. What the ground of this disparagement is I know not.

I agree with all that is said about the providential character of the opening in Japan, and the gratifying success of our missionaries there; but is it quite fair to the great majority of our ministers and people to represent them as without sympathy for that part of our work? Let any who have been against the Japan Mission bear the blame of their opposition; but let us give due credit to those who have spoken, and written, and liberally contributed in behalf of that work. Is there any good ground for the allegation, that because the British Columbia and Japan Missions were commenced before the union, the form of our Church organization at that time had anything to do with the

commencement of these missions? If there are any inviting new fields for missionary labour, and any reasonable ground to believe that the necessary funds to sustain them shall be raised, we have certainly all the necessary executive machinery to inaugurate such missions any day, without a bishop. But would it be wise or commendable to inaugurate such missions without fully counting the cost? Was there not a long period under the old regime, in which no new mission fields were entered? Why then should that time be unduly exalted, as if its missionary organization was far better adapted to promote missionary enterprise than our present organization? We confess we can see nothing to sustain such a conclusion.

It may be said, by the advocates of a superintendency, that there is no intention to imitate the extreme concentration of power in the hands of a few men, which exists in the M. E. Church of the United States. To this I reply, that if one long stride from our present position be taken in that direction, there is no security that this shall not be followed by other steps which shall bring us closer to the American system. But already the advocates of the superintendency, by finding fault with the powers of our chief Committees and Boards, and speaking of bishops as if they would do the work to be done by these Committees more efficiently than it is now done, evidently imply the introduction of a system of individual power, widely different from what exists amongst us at present. If the "bishop" is to render transfers more easy, enforce the laws of the Church, inaugurate new missions, as seems to be implied by those who plead for this new departure, then he must be invested with power and authority of a very extraordinary character, which few among us, we think, are prepared to bestow upon any man.

No such system of one-man power can be introduced without a radical change in our whole Church organization, to adjust it to this new mode of administration. Hitherto we have been a brotherhood, whose united judgment, as expressed in our General Conference, has been committed to responsible boards of chosen men, to be practically carried out. We are not without a "head." Under our present order, the General Conference is the supreme authority, and the Missionary Board, and Book, Educational, and other Committees the executive agencies to do the work of the Church which it assigns to them. In this way ample pro-

vision is made for prosecuting every department of our work. No emergency can arise that we have not agencies to meet. But if one or two men are to be the head centres of authority, from whom action is to emanate, then they must have their instruments through whom they will operate, and church activity will largely consist in carrying out their behests. The comparison of the Church to a bank, or an army, in which subordinates are the mere unquestioning instruments of some higher will, shows how far some are willing to go; and shows also, in my opinion, a total misconception of the true idea of the organization of a New Testament Church. The Church is not like an army, a machine that is to be directed by any single mind, but a royal priesthood invested with power for the Master's work. Even during the life of the inspired Apostles, who in their apostolic office had no successors, they were not "lords over God's heritage," acting as if all authority came through them. In the 15th chapter of the Acts we read, that when a grave emergency arose, and a course of action was to be enjoined upon the Churches, instead of Peter, or James, or Paul settling the matter by an authoritative mandate; "the apostles, and elders, and brethren" came together, and after full discussion adopted a decision, which Paul and Silas were commissioned to make known in their fields of labour. There is not the slightest indication that the primitive Christian Church had any "head," but Christ, though it succeeded very well without one. The idea of a human "head," who should be a centre of authority, was the invention of Rome at a later day—a corruption against which Protestantism has alway firmly protested; and which we hope will never be imitated in any degree in our own Church. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Why is the office of President of the General Conference studiously belittled and depreciated? He presides in the General Conference, and in all the great connexional committees. This is a commanding position that gives him a powerful influence in guiding the affairs of the Church. He can visit throughout the connexion, and counsel and suggest action in any matter that demands it. On what ground can it be said that we have no power to act in an emergency? Did not the President of the General Conference inaugurate, in an emergency, the "Relief and Extension" movement, which so fully attested the vital unity of our Church, in

confutation of all who are labouring to make the impression that we are only "a rope of sand?" If the North-West, or any other portion of our mission work requires special oversight, there is nothing to prevent us efficiently providing such supervision, without any radical change of organization. Why then attempt "to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?"

One of the most questionable arguments urged against our present organization, and in favour of an episcopal system, is that "our present system of election to most offices is a vicious system, is too often the result of electioneering and bargain," etc. This is a grave charge; and though I have no doubt it is made in good faith, I cannot accept it as a true representation of what takes place in connection with appointments to office in our Church. It is surely no crime for brethren to exchange views with frankness respecting the fitness of a brother for any office. This is the only "electioneering" I have ever known. Brethren who were so hungry for office as to "electioneer and bargain" I have never met during over thirty years in the ministry of the Methodist Church.

A movement for the concentration of power in the hands of one person, or a small number of persons, is nothing new, either in Church or State. It has been often tried, and whatever temporary success it has won, the ultimate result has not been such as to invite imitation. This objection, based on the strife and other evils incident to elections, seems a good deal like the objection urged against free institutions, by the advocates of despotism of every kind. No doubt it saves a great deal of trouble and disturbance, to vest the supreme authority in one person, and dispense with appeals to the people. And yet, we prefer free institutions, with all their incidental disadvantages, to any form of one-man power, whether in State or Church. Leaders may despise the clamour of the democracy; but neither in affairs of Church nor State can they go faster or farther than they are sustained by the intelligent sympathy and co-operation of the people whom they represent.

I have not attempted in these remarks, which merely suggest a line of reply, to gather up the statistics of progress in our Church which contravene the depreciatory allegations to which I have adverted; neither have I depicted the serious evils

of this kind of concentration of power, or the way in which it would place the many at the mercy of the few. It has been sometimes said that if we could find an infallibly wise and perfect despot, a despotism would be the most perfect form of government. This may be true, but so long as men are liable to be warped by the prejudices and partialities common to humanity, it is far better that even the best men be held in check by the direct controlling power of the whole brotherhood, than that we should have no guarantee of satisfactory administration but our confidence in the goodness and infallibility of a human head. In the American Methodist Episcopal system, which a few among us desire to imitate, the bishops are practically irresponsible for their administration; for although the General Conference is the supreme court to which they are nominally responsible, as it meets only once in four years, their administration for that period is irrevocable history when the General Conference meets; and unless there should be some grave crime laid to their charge, no redress could be obtained for the most arbitrary and unjust acts of ordinary administration. In my opinion, those among us who fancy that our ministers and people are ready to give up our present liberal and successful form of government for any such system, miscalculate the spirit and sentiments which prevail in our Church. The thorough and loyal working out of the system we have, which is an historic outgrowth of our Church life, is far more essential to our permanent power and progress than doubtful experiments in altering those methods and agencies, which have vindicated their fitness by most gratifying practical results.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

LEAVE behind thy faithless sorrow,
And thine every anxious care;
He who only knows the morrow
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,
And thy heavy load of sin;
By thy mighty Saviour's merit
Life eternal thou shalt win.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND—A VISIT TO BRISTOL.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT.

"BRISTOL" says Elihu Burritt, "is a city worth going to see and study. It was the seat and point of departure of the English vikings and vigors when the old Norse spirit had only begun to be slightly softened by a Christian civilization. For just such men and for just such an age nature had found a port suited to every phase and faculty of their character. It was at the head of a little river that ran crookedly at the bottom of a tremendous furrow ploughed to the sea through the rocks, nearly as deep and wide as the rift below Niagara Falls. It faced the western world of waters, and its plucky old sea-kings turned their prows in that direction by natural impulse. One of them, the elder Cabot, frosted his in the icy breath of Labrador before Columbus touched the main continent of America. One hundred years before Cabot sailed from Bristol, it had its guild of 'Merchants Royal,' and veteran sailors as daring and dauntless as the hyperborean tars of Eric the Red."

The city lies in its southern extremity of Gloucester and the northern of Somersetshire. The rivers of Avon and Frome wind their way through it, and empty into the Bristol Channel or Severn Sea. For many centuries it was the second city in Britain and is still considered the "Metropolis of the West." Like old Rome it stands upon seven hills, and possesses a sister also to the Tiber in the muddy Avon. Some parts of it are built upon level ground, and in others the streets are so steep that it is difficult to traverse them with carriages.

There are but few places in England that present so many objects of interest to the archaeologist as Bristol. It was made an independent city by Edward III., but long before that it was a noted place and possessed some of the finest buildings and churches in Britain. Many of them have given place to more modern structures, but on all the older streets may still be seen those curious old houses with one story projecting over another as they rise, until the opposite gables almost touch over the centre of the narrow street. What grand places those upper windows must have been for gossiping dames!

There are a number of interesting old churches whose history runs back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and among them that of St. Werburgh, in which the Rev. John Wesley preached his first sermon in Bristol, 1777; St. Stephen and St. Augustine. The latter was founded by the Abbots of St. Augustine's monastery as a chapel for the use of the inhabitants who had erected houses and lived without the precincts of the convent. Of the older churches, however, that of St. Mary Redcliffe possesses the most interest. It was begun by Sir Simon de Barton in 1292 and finished by William Canynges the Elder, in 1377. Camden says the church is like a cathedral, and in all accounts the first parish church in England. In the south-west angle of the church are some remains of the lids or coverings to some very ancient stone coffins. They were recently discovered in lowering the walks round the church. Here may be seen also, against a pillar, the rib of the famous dun cow, slain by Guy, Earl of Warwick. This cow, according to the legend, at one time supplied all the city with milk. She must have been a good milker, and of goodly size, too, for the rib is about eight feet high. Attached to a column in the south transept is a flat slab to the memory of Sir William Penn, the father of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, and near to this on another column is suspended the armour of the gallant knight, tastefully displayed and ornamented by the flags taken in an engagement with the Dutch fleet about 1604. Time has, however, made sad havoc with these emblems, and ere long there will be nothing left of the banners. There are many other very old and interesting monuments and inscriptions scattered through the church, but we must leave them.

Over the north or grand porch is a room corresponding in size and form with the lower one, which, doubtless, was formerly the residence of priests, and from this room is a passage communicating with the tower. At one time it was known as the "Treasury House," but is now usually designated the "Muniment Room," in which are the remains of the chests in which Chatterton professed to have found the manuscripts attributed to Rowley. One of these chests was said to be called Mr. Canynges' coffer, and was secured by six keys, two of which were intrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the churchwardens. In process

of time the six keys were lost, and about the year 1727 the chests were opened in the presence of an attorney, and all those deeds and other documents relating to the church removed, the balance of the papers were left behind. It was from among these papers that the boy Chatterton professed to have found the Rowley poems. I tarried long over these rude and worm-eaten old boxes, and tried to picture the "marvellous boy" strolling away from his mother and sister in Ryle Street, and with noiseless steps entering this dusty room up in the tower, not so much for the purpose of rummaging among the musty papers then to be found there, as to sit in the sombre silence to read and muse. Strange fancy this, for a child not more than eight or ten, to seek the companionship of those silent sleepers, and to linger for hours around the voiceless tombs. Strange that on leaving them, he should start away up the winding stone stair, with cautious tread, to this lofty chamber, whose dim light struggled through the dusty panes, to draw inspiration from the wasting records of past ages. On which of these boxes did the youthful genius rest? or did he make the stone floor his couch, and then dream of hooded monk and gallant knight? A monument has been erected to his memory, but it stands in an obscure place in the north-east angle of the church-yard. The statue, which represents him in the Colston's Charity School dress, is placed on a column of the style of the buttresses of the porch. There is no inscription on it. The Bristol people have been slow in recognizing the genius of the boy whose name sheds so much lustre on the city of his birth. Slow to do justice to the poor lad from whom they withheld bread, and now when they give to his memory a stone, they mar the gift by placing it in a measure out of sight, and without a word to tell the passing stranger that his monument was placed here as a memorial of—

> "The marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

I attended an evening service at Wesley Chapel, built on the spot where Wesley preached his first sermon in the open air. The stone on which he stood has been used as the foundation-stone of the building. I also went with my friends to a Quaker meeting at the Friends, Friars' Meeting House, and had the pleasure of listening to John Storr Fry, a wealthy Quaker, and one of

the firm of Fry & Sons. After meeting we went through the Cutler's Hall and the Baker's Hall, apartments once attached to the old monastery, and saw some old fonts and other arrangements always to be seen in these old institutions. There were a few very old and strange-looking chairs, and other ancient furniture, with curious carvings. Over a fire-place in one of the rooms the following date is cut, A.D. 1300. The Friends use these rooms for Sabbath-schools.

Bristol can boast of a large number of fine public buildings, charitable institutions, warehouses, etc., worth seeing. But there were two places which afforded me more gratification than any of these grand edifices. One was a very humble and venerable looking place in Ryle Street, where Chatterton was born, it is said, and the other No. 10, in Park Street, where Hannah More kept a boarding-school for young ladies.

In a copy of the early history of the city I found this curious order of the Common council, dated 1651, prohibiting the use of carts and waggons, and allowing the use only of sledges and drays for the following reason: "They suffer no carts to be used in the city, lest as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had there in the greatest perfection." This law became obsolete long ago, and drays and carts convey their heavy loads through all the streets, regardless of the "milk," once so highly prized.

On Ashley Down are Muller's Orphan Houses, the noblest charitable institution, probably, in the world. These houses, for there are five of them, all of the same size and design, occupy a large extent of ground. The large open space in front of each house, is tastefully laid out with flower beds and walks, which are decorated with choice flowers and shrubs, and at each of the principal entrances there is a neat gate-keeper's lodge. The origin and growth of this remarkable Orphan's Home may be considered one of the wonders of Christian philanthropy. From the day Mr. Muller picked up the first orphan on the streets of Bristol, and took care of it, up to the present time he has not personally solicited aid from the public. He had faith in the undertaking, and beyond that he had faith in the promises of God. He went to work never doubting for a moment but that his Master would influence

the great heart of the Christian world in his favour. There was no cash in hand for him to commence with, and yet when the work really began, unknown contributors sent him money. As the number of children increased, so did the contributions keep pace with the increased necessities of the undertaking, and so he has gone on, year after year, gathering in homeless orphans and enlarging his accommodation, until he has now 2,050 under his care to feed, clothe, and educate.

"It is now about thirty years," he says in his last report, "since I began to walk in the happy way, and I have invariably found the Lord to be my helper, even under the greatest difficulties and in the greatest wants and necessities, of whatever character they were, and thus it has been, especially of late years. And with regard to pecuniary supplies, I have, simply in answer to prayer, without application to any one, obtained for this work £430,000."

The report is a very interesting document, but it is impossible to give further extracts from it. The houses are opened to the public one day in the week, that is to say, one of the five houses can be seen every day except Saturdays. A certain hour is set apart for the reception of visitors, and when it arrives all that are present in the general waiting-room are shown through the building. The time required to do it in is about two hours. The rooms are large and airy, and are kept scrupulously clean. Everything is in the most perfect order. The children are well fed and comfortably clad, all in the same style of dress, and look healthy and happy.

From this let us stray away to Brandon Hill, one of the old historical landmarks of the city. It rises two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river and is partly covered with bushes. From its summit a beautiful view is not only to be had of the city but of the surrounding country. To the south Dundry Hill and town show themselves, and to the east Lansdown and the vicinity of Bath are seen, with a charming variety of rural scenery. During the Civil War this hill was strongly fortified by the Royalists to defend the city against the army of the Parliament, under the command of Cromwell and Fairfax. Many of the trenches can still be traced.

By taking the path which leads from Bristol to Clifton, and which winds around the side of Brandon Hill, we descend Clifton Hill and enter upon the Clifton wood, with its grand villas, and

thence to Clifton Down, where thousands of the citizens come on summer evenings for a stroll, or to sit under the fine old shade trees, and breathe the pure fresh air as it comes over the distant hills, freighted with the perfume of wood and flowers, or linger over the many inviting prospects the elevated position gives. A short walk over the Down brings us to the fine suspension bridge, which stretches from cliff to cliff over the turbid Avon. It is about three hundred feet high and affords some very fine views. There is something about the rugged rocks, that stud both sides of the river, that reminds one of our own Niagara, but here the resemblance ends. The sluggish Avon now battling for hours with the encroaching tide, contesting every foot with the insweeping invader, until its fury is spent, and then pressing it back in triumph to the sea, is but a very sorry picture of the rush and roar of the clear waters of our noble river.

A short walk on the Downs to Shilston House, and up College road brings us to the Zoological Gardens, a very attractive place, not only for the choice collection of animals which they contain, but also for the chaste and judicious arrangement of the shrubs, flowers, and gravel walks. I was fortunate enough the afternoon I visited the gardens to witness a grand *fête* given to the workingmen and mechanics of the city. We had heard a good deal in our country about the "down-trodden and starving artizans of Great Britain," a very prolific theme with American penny-a-liners and stump orators. "Distance," it is said, "lends enchantment to the view," and in this case distance and ignorance of the facts have given point to the tale, and we have received as truths the overdrawn statements of unprincipled men. Of the thousands of this class whom I have seen in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the thousands who were present on this occasion, I must confess that I have failed in discovering anything approaching to a starving and down-trodden race. On the contrary, those whom I saw at the *fête*, both men and women, were well-dressed, indeed, many of the women and girls appeared in costumes that would have done no discredit to the noblest gathering in the land. I have seen but rarely a finer and more contented-looking assemblage of men and women. I felt that this class of people were quite as contented and happy as the same class in any other part of the world.

DR. NELLES' BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS—VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MAY 14TH, 1882.

Members of the Class of 1882 :—

The admirable discourse to which you have just listened from the Rev. Dr. Stevenson has anticipated in part some of the counsels which I had intended to offer you. There is one, however, of such vital importance that I will venture to repeat it with earnestness and emphasis, not because it is at all new to you, but because I am giving you the solemn farewell words of the University, and what is said to you now may be more deeply impressed by reason of the tender interest of the hour. I would have you understand what is the one great and special injunction which we regard as important above all others. I, therefore, re-echo the sentiment of Dr. Stevenson. *Be loyal to Christ.* No man living or dead can give you better counsel than this. The air is full of the mingling and colliding philosophies of the ages, but amid them all and above them all sounds the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the great Teacher, Hope, and Saviour of the world. Be *supremely* loyal to Christ. It is not easy to be this. Far easier is it to be loyal to a system, or a sect, or a party. The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, and many millions have been called Christians since, but always, more or less, the accidents and accessories of Christianity have encumbered and beclouded the essential principles. Put Christ in the foreground ; put all other considerations in the background. And to do this you will need, perhaps, to get rid of some obstinate and blinding prepossessions ; certainly you will need to study Christ's words, life, and character, with purified and open vision. A dying Catholic prelate asked his chaplain to pray that he might have "the elemental graces." So pray you. Seek the points of agreement among all schools of thought, and through the letter and the form find your way to the spirit and the power of the religion of the Cross. Even John Stuart Mill acknowledges that the world did not make a bad choice in fixing on Jesus of Nazareth as the highest Ideal. Let your minds dwell upon that Ideal in its simple, unmutilated, undistorted form, and let your lives be daily transfigured into that divine likeness. What higher attainment can there be for you than to bear "the image of the

heavenly," and where can you so well find it as in the Manger, the Garden, and the Cross? These scenes centralise and represent the whole story and spirit of Christianity, and must not be viewed by you, after the manner of many theologians, as some cataclysm, or exceptional break in the economy of God, but rather as the lifting of the veil—an apocalypse of that which makes the essential and pervading spirit of the upper world. There can be but one religion, and that is the religion of the Cross when rightly apprehended; but one standard of goodness, and that is the goodness of Christ. Even the good angels *are* good angels by virtue of what they have in common with Jesus of Nazareth. Faith in Him, loyalty to Him, likeness to Him, this is the sum of all moral excellence, and this the full significance of what we call salvation. Keep this thought as a clue to guide you through the mazes of theological speculation into the sunlight of God.

My second injunction is: Do not take up suddenly with novelties of doctrine. In this matter it is a good rule to "hasten slowly." If a new idea dawns upon you it is not necessary to run out immediately into the streets, and to blow a trumpet before you, as if you had discovered a new world. The new idea may turn out to be a very old one, or, perhaps, a mere illusion of conceit. If good for anything it will bear further pondering, and the fabric of the world will not fall for the want of being buttressed up by your discovery. Things are not true because they are new, nor because they are old. The best attitude of mind is that of a liberal-conservative, or of a conservative-reformer, which two things cannot be very wide apart. There is no conservatism like progress, and no progress that is wholly destructive. Let it be your aim to advance by steady laws of growth, keeping up a wholesome but critical reverence for the great teachers of the past, and looking forward to a glory yet to be revealed; not carried off your feet by every new wind of doctrine, nor yet lying torpid amid the old traditions. That we live in a time of transition has now become a trite observation. The great requirement is to make the transition wisely and well. And the danger, on the whole, lies in the direction of hasty and ill-considered changes. That which most fascinates the age, especially the young, is the hope and pride of discovery. There is no longer much danger of stagnation, especially in Protestant lands. The inquirers, the

critics, the innovators, are multiplied on every hand, and are fully on the alert. Nothing now can possibly escape the crucible. The difficulty now is to find something that has been sufficiently tested to be let alone; to get some point of settled faith, and some field of honest toil, where one may live and grow without being overborne by the pressure of new theories, and the clamour of loud voices. One needs at times to cultivate a kind of deafness and repose, waiting upon God, and hoping that the solid rocks of the globe will still hold together, and the great dome of the sky be still spread out as a tent to dwell in. God Himself does not hasten, but carries humanity slowly along through successive dispensations. His great Providence will sift, and try, and fashion all things. What we most need is to grasp firmly the few essential and eternal verities of religious faith, hope, and charity, and then with child-like humility seek to mould ourselves upon them, remembering that all men here must "see through a glass darkly," and that the end of life is discipline rather than knowledge.

Finally I charge you to be loyal to your Alma Mater. You have reason to love the University. She has done much for you. You are different men from what you were when you first entered her walls. She has developed, strengthened, and enriched you as nothing else but a University could have done. You have got possession of new powers as well as new attainments. All the future achievements of life have been made possible to you by the training you have here received. You have been lifted up and made to stand on a ladder the rungs of which mount ever upward. It is as if you had been made inhabitants of another sphere—a world where the vision is wider, and where the soul is touched with new inspirations. No man can ever repay to any good University the debt he owes. I would have you recognise and feel this obligation, and trust you will all through life do what you can, by your influence and affluence, to increase the resources and efficiency of your Alma Mater. Nor is it too much to say that, whatever noble things you may achieve, you can do nothing better than to aid in building up a great seminary of learning founded on Christian principles and pervaded by a Christian spirit. In the name of the University and on behalf of my colleagues in the Faculty I bid you God-speed in the arduous race of life. I wish you success in the ordinary acceptation of the

word, but above all things the success of forming noble characters, of leading pure, unselfish, and heroic lives. Of this success none can deprive you but yourselves. It may, perhaps, reach you only by the way of poverty, bereavement, and sorrow. If this be God's will, let it not dishearten you—

> "But in life's goblet freely press
> The leaves that give it bitterness,
> Nor prize the coloured waters less,
> For in thy darkness and distress,
> New light and strength they give."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

The Secret of Thy Presence.

Ps. xxxi. 20.

I NEED not leave the jostling world
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer,
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet ne'er join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

No human step approaching breaks
The blissful silence of the place,
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

And never through those crystal walls,
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit words I say.

One heark'ning even cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He alone who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door.

The Cross.

How must the cross have seemed to the disciples of Jesus who hovered about the outskirts of the crowd, or cowered, broken-hearted, in lonely chambers in the city? Oh, what a dire disappointment it was to their hearts! Oh, what a tight

puzzle it was to their brains! Oh, what a sore trial it was to their faith! Was not this *the* Prophet of God? Had He not made displays of power that were credentials of His divine mission? And would God send out so spotless a man to die ignominiously?

For we must strive to recollect what the cross was. We have wrought it in gold and wreathed it in flowers, and worn it as an ornament, and placed it at the head of all human symbolisms, until we have transfigured it. It had none of these associations originally. It was the meanest of all the engines of torture. The guillotine had something respectable in it, as it was for the decapitation of princes as well as robbers. The gallows is not so mean as the cross; for when there was slavery among us, and a master and his slave were convicted of a capital crime, they perished on the same scaffold. But the cross was reserved for the lowest and vilest malefactors. It added deepest ignominy to death. Tacitus called crucifixion the torture of slaves.

Now, when they saw their Master hanging there, it was indescribably puzzling as well as painful. He had been so good, so sweet, so pure, so what all men's ideal of the perfect man has ever been! He had shown such power, stilling the winds, multiplying bread, opening deaf ears and blind eyes, cleansing lepers, and raising the dead, doing all those things that they had been taught to believe belonged only unto God to do. How could He let Himself be crucified? How could the great eternal God allow this model of goodness and beauty to be crushed out of the world? The cross gave them a disappointment sadder than ever had fallen on men before, sadder than any since. It was the bitterest blighting of hopes recorded in the history of humanity.

But Jesus—how did it all seem to Him? He knew what was in Pilate's mind, and what in the minds of the chief priests and the Jewish rabble, and the Roman centurion and the brutal soldiery, and His fainting mother, and His disheartened, disappointed friends. He knew that they felt that they were parting from Him forever. He heard the gibes and jeers of the mocking crowd, the roar of the unfeeling mob, the groans and cries of the blessed Virgin, and the frightful noise wherewith the earthquake burst open the tombs and ripped the Temple's veil from top to bottom. He saw the darkness coming on Temple and Tower

and Calvary, and on His own soul, like the shadow of hell. But through it all He beheld a vision of glory. But above it all He heard a shout of triumph! And He died satisfied!—*Dr. C. F. Deems.*

Seekers of Full Salvation.

In urging your suit, rest wholly on the name of your endorser, Jesus Christ. In His address (John xiv-xvi), in which the pearl of perfect love is again and again promised in the coming of the abiding Comforter, Jesus inserts in every promise the condition, "in my name." This means that we are to identify our plea with the glory of Christ. We cannot fail when we pray for the same blessing for which He intercedes in our behalf. We are sure that selfishness does not underlie our petition when our aim is the glory of Christ only. When we thus use the name of our High Priest, we clothe ourselves with His merit. The name of Jesus is like the signet ring of an absent monarch, purposely left behind to authenticate the acts of His ministers. It transfers His power to them. So has Jesus transferred to our hands the key that unlocks the treasury of heaven, and secures the outpouring of the anointing that teacheth and abideth. "The greatest gift that men can wish or heaven can send."

Do not fail, when urging your plea, to remember that you have rights with God the Father in Jesus' name. You could not claim His mediatorial work and merit. But since this work has been done, you may now stand on the high platform of rights with God, and claim in Jesus' name all that He has purchased for you. He has invested you, not only with a right to the tree of life, but to all that prepares you to pluck and eat its fruit. Again, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The word "just" is a jural term, implying rights on the part of the believer and obligation on the part of God; the obligation, not only of veracity, expressed by the word faithful, but also the obligation of justice. He will not wrong us by withholding the greatest blessing purchased by His Son, and sacredly kept by the Father till the hour we come in that influential name and claim our heritage.

Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

—*Dr. Daniel Steele.*

Christ Seeking Sinners.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." To me this is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Bible. In this one little sentence we are told what Christ came into this world for. He came for a purpose; He came to do a work, and in this little verse the whole story is told. He came not "to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." God sent Him, and He came to do the will of His Father—"to seek and to save that which was lost." And you cannot find any place in Scripture where a man was ever sent by God to do a work in which he failed. God sent Moses to Egypt to bring three millions of bondmen up out of the house of bondage into the Promised Land. Did he fail? It looked at first as if he was going to. If we had been in the court when Pharaoh said to Moses, "Who is God that I should obey Him?" and ordered him out of his presence, we might have thought it meant failure. But did it? God sent Elijah to stand before Ahab, and it was a bold thing when he told him there should be neither dew nor rain; but didn't he lock up the heavens for three years and six months? Now here is God sending His own beloved Son from His bosom, from the throne, down into this world. Do you think He is going to fail? Thanks be to God, He can save to the uttermost, and there is not a man in this city who may not find it so, if he is willing to be saved.—*D. L. Moody.*

—Private prayer is the channel through which the Lord is graciously pleased to convey spiritual blessings to the soul. He knows all our wants, and, without our asking Him, could supply them in the best possible time. But He will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do for them according to the exceeding great and precious promises He hath given.—*Hannah More.*

—I have a pledge from Christ, have His note of hand, which is my support, my refuge, and heaven; and though the world should rage, to this security I cling. How reads it? "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." If Christ be with me, what shall I fear? If He is mine, all the powers of earth to me are nothing more than a spider's web.—*St. Chrysostom.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Conferences.

These gatherings have this year been of more than usual interest, from the fact of the approaching General Conference which led to the preliminary discussion of important topics which are to come before that body for legislative action. Prominent among these was the subject of Methodist union which has engaged much attention, and has received in many district meetings and quarterly boards cordial support. We trust that these are indications of the approaching organic union which shall take away from us the reproach of a divided Methodism. The extension of the period of ministerial appointments from three to five years was discussed at some length in the Toronto Conference, and although opinion was much divided on the subject a resolution was carried recommending such extension. Our own judgment is that although we sometimes lose much influence in the cities through the short pastorate, yet it is better to maintain intact our itinerant system, which we believe has been a chief factor in the rapid growth of our Church, a growth unequalled by that of any other Church. Any departures from our general rule, it seems to us, could only be warranted by very rare and exceptional circumstances.

The Children's Fund, the Constitution of the General Conference and mode of representation, and other topics were the occasion of interesting and profitable discussion.

The memorial service for the ministers who heve died during the year is always a deeply solemn occasion. This year it was unusually impressive on account of the number and character of those who were thus commemorated. In the Toronto Conference alone the number of those who have been called from labour to reward is nine. Among them the illustrious names of Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Lachlin Taylor. To the memory of these departed brethren appropriate and touching tributes of loving remembrance were paid, and carefully prepared obituaries were read which will appear in the published Minutes of the Conferences.

Dr. Burns' Case.

It is well known that at each spring District Meeting and Annual Conference the status of each minister passes under review both as to moral character and as to doctrinal belief. As to both of these questions it rarely happens that any exception is taken. But this year much interest was felt throughout the country from the fact that the Rev. Dr. Burns, the accomplished and scholarly principal of the Hamilton Ladies' College, was charged with being out of harmony with certain important points of Methodist doctrine. These points were : The inspiration and authority of the Holy Scripture, the doctrine of the Atonement, and the Eternity of Future Punishment. We were personally present at the Conference at Woodstock only during the discussion of the first of these points—a discussion which extended over part of two days. It was conducted with great ability and fairness and good feeling, and happily without the manifestation of that religious rancour and bitterness which, to the disgrace of Christianity, sometimes characterizes theological disputes.

Dr. Burns exhibited throughout the entire discussion a most frank and honourable and Christian spirit. He stated his views without reservation, and showed by ample citations from Methodist and other acknowledged orthodox theologians that his views were not out of harmony with the best standards of Methodist belief. The result of the discussion was that the Conference not only acquitted him by large majorities on

each of the several charges, but also rejected a resolution passed by the District Meeting, expressing regret that Dr. Burns had allowed his letter to Dr. Thomas, out of which these charges arose, to be published.

The General Elections.

It would be out of place for us, in an official organ of our Church, to express any opinion on the result of the late General Elections. We deem it not improper, however, to remark on the quiet and good order with which subjects of great national importance can be decided by the suffrages of the people. In other countries questions of less importance than these have led to riot and revolution and bloodshed. With us they are settled by the silent dropping of the voter's ballot into a tin box. Seldom, perhaps, have the questions before the country been more eagerly discussed, and seldom has so full a vote been polled This discussion is of necessity a valuable intellectual and political education, and cannot, we think, but make the electors on both sides more intelligent patriots. As Whittier says—

> The crowning fact,
> The kingliest act,
> Of freedom is the freeman's vote !

We doubt not that, with few exceptions, the electors of Canada have cast their votes according to their best judgment. The use of the ballot frustrates, to a great degree, the attempt to corrupt the electors by personal bribes ; and we doubt not that on the day of a great national crisis, such as we have passed through, even the poorest voter feels and can say with Whittier again that in political privilege,

> "The proudest now is but his peer,
> The highest not more high.
> To-day shall simple manhood try
> The strength of gold and land ;
> The wide world has not wealth to buy
> The power of my right hand."

One lesson of the contest is the lesson of tolerance. All men cannot think alike ; let us accord to others that liberty of thought and action that we claim for ourselves. We all love our country though we may have different views as to the mode of its government. Let us, now that the contest is over, rally round our country and seek to promote its best moral and material interests. In the heat of the conflict the feeling of tolerance and charity is apt to be forgotten in the desire for victory. But now, however divergent our opinions may have been, we can afford to be good friends and neighbours and to dwell in love and charity together.

Carrying Deadly Weapons.

The recent deadly tragedy at Hamilton, wherein one infuriated man put an untimely end, with a pistol, to his wife, to her employer, and to himself, is an argument of terrible weight against the practice of carrying deadly weapons. Such a practice is, we believe, against the law of the land. Why, then, are dealers allowed to sell such weapons indiscriminately to all who wish to buy? Druggists may not sell poisonous drugs without the order of a physician. Why, then, may dealers sell revolvers to half-fledged boys or drunken madmen, to wreak havoc and ruin therewith ? We think that no one should be allowed to possess a deadly weapon without a special license. Let him show that he has need for such a weapon, and is a fit person to have one, and he will be put to slight inconvenience to get one. But drunken reprobates and foolish boys would be deprived of the opportunity to perpetrate bloodshed by malice or by accident.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The great event since our last issue has been the Annual Conferences of Montreal, London, and Toronto. We give them in the order in which they were held. The first was held in Dominion Square Church, Montreal. This Conference is composed largely of young men, but they are strong in faith and loyal in their attachment to Methodism. Surrounded by the system of Popery which sways an almost overwhelming influence on the people, they prosecute their labours in the midst of great discouragements; nevertheless they go forward knowing that now is the time to sow, the season of reaping will be by-and-by. The Rev. E. A. Stafford, B.D. had the honour of being elevated to the Presidency, the duties of which he discharged in a most creditable manner. This Conference has done a great deal for education. The College at Stanstead has been a great financial burden, but the brethren out of their own slender means have contributed munificently to keep it from sinking, and their success has been truly astonishing. They have now undertaken the erection of a Theological College in Montreal, with every prospect of success. Their French Institute also is doing a noble work, and though Bro. Beaudry, with his associates, are beset with difficulties on every hand, they still go forward in strong faith, believing that the education of the young among the French will be a powerful auxiliary in the emancipation of the people from the thraldom of Popery. The French missionaries sometimes become discouraged and leave their work for other more inviting fields. The death roll was not large, but it contained the names of the Revs. J. Tompkins, and E. A. Ward. The former was a father in Israel, having been in the work of the ministry since 1827; the latter through fifty years of ministerial life had been abundant in labours. He turned many to righteousness who will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

The Conference took a new departure in appointing one of its members to labour as an evangelist, which appointment, it is hoped, will be the means of accomplishing great good. Another of its members, the Rev. Jacob Freshman, has been permitted to devote himself to missionary labours among his countrymen—the Jews in the city of New York, where there are some 80,000 who are like sheep without a shepherd. The Conference passed a resolution expressing hearty sympathy with his work, and commending it to the generosity of the churches. Bro. Freshman's address is No. 25 Seventh Street, New York. The public services as the Ordination, the Sermon before the Theological Union, the Missionary, Educational, and Sunday-school Anniversary meetings were all numerously attended, and great interest was felt in them by the public. There was not many visitors from other Conferences, but the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of the Congregational Church, looked in among his brethren and spoke a few words of cheer, expressive of his high appreciation of his Methodist brethren. The next Conference is to be held in the City of Ottawa.

London Conference.

Our brethren of this Western Conference met in the beautiful town of Woodstock. This was the first time that Woodstock had extended its hospitality to the Methodist Conference, but all were satisfied that they had chosen the proper

place for their ecclesiastical convocations. The Rev. W. Williams was elected to the office of President, a proper reward for one who has so long laboured both in the late New Connexion and also in the Methodist Church of Canada. He is a strong advocate of Methodist Union, and took an active part in all the services which were held in connection with the unification of the Methodist bodies.

The great event of this Conference was the case of Dr. Burns, who, during the year, wrote a letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, which had caused some to believe that he was not in harmony with Methodist Orthodoxy. There was a lengthy discussion in the Conference under the head, "Does he believe and teach our doctrines?" and after the most calm and earnest deliberation the majority were of opinion that there was no occasion to believe that Dr. Burns was not in harmony with our doctrinal standards. The discussion was most ably conducted.

Nine young men having completed their probation were ordained to the full work of the ministry. Happily there had been but few deaths among the members of the Conference, and quite a number of young men of promise were received as candidates for the ministry. The funds were all largely in advance of former years, and the prospects of this Conference are of the most cheering character. At no distant day a division into two Conferences will be necessary. The next Conference will be held at St. Catharines.

A considerable number of visitors were present from other Conferences, among others, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, President of the General Conference, who preached the Ordination Sermon, which was regarded as one of Dr. Douglas' best efforts, and for which he received the cordial thanks of the Conference. The Rev. Thomas Crosby was also present as he had been at Montreal, and in every instance he was received with the honour due to him as a most noble, godly, self-denying missionary, whose name stands high on the Church roll. His sojourn in his native province, and his visits to the churches have awakened an interest in the subject of missions which will not soon be forgotten. He is a true servant of Christ, one on whom the Master has conferred great honour. His appeals have produced satisfactory results so far that there is no doubt but that the hearts of some young men will be fired with sufficient zeal to go to the outposts of civilization where Mr. Crosby has achieved such glorious work for Christ. The friends have responded to his special appeals also, so that he has received more than half the money required, viz., $4,000 to build a small steamboat to enable him the more readily to visit his distant missions. Contributions to complete that same will be gladly received by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary.

Toronto Conference.

This ecclesiastical gathering was held in Elm Street Church, Toronto. Eighteen years had elapsed since the Conference was held in this Church, when the late Rev. W. L. Thornton, M.A. occupied the chair. Many remember still that grand season of religious fervour. Since then 98 ministers who were then connected with the old Canada Conference have died, not a few of whom were then present. The recollection of this produced a saddening effect upon the minds of many attending the present Conference. A large number were present when the roll was called, and, as usual, much interest was felt in the election of President. At length the lot fell on the Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D., who, in addition to his onerous duties of the Mission-house, will have to carry the heavy burden of chief minister of all the churches within the bounds of the Conference. The discussions throughout have been distinguished by great frankness, though without acrimony. We do not remember a word that might be considered discourteous. The number of memorials was unusually great, so that the duties of the Committee, to whom

they were referred, were by no means easy. Of course all legislation is made by the General Conference, the Annual Conference, however, can recommend. It is recommended to extend the ministerial term in a circuit to five years under certain restrictions. The Children's Fund also has long been regarded by some with disfavour, and not a few desire its complete abolition; the Conference, however, recommended the General Conference to appoint a commission to investigate its workings so as, if possible, the fund may be more efficient.

The religious services were of a most hallowed character. They were begun on the evening of the first day of the Conference by a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Jeffers, which was well suited to the solemn occasion, preceding, as it did, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the Sabbath most of the pulpits of Toronto and vicinity were occupied by members of the Conference.

Great difficulty was experienced in adjusting the stations. There are several places left without ministers, while others will doubtless be disappointed that they have not received the minister they expected. The calls for additional labourers, especially in the North-West, are very pressing. Never was the harvest greater than at present. Happily the funds of the Church are all very prosperous, particularly the Missionary Fund, so that if suitable young men can be found greater inroad may still be made on the territory of Satan.

A few of the brethren are retiring from active labour, but others who have been laid aside are again buckling on their armour and rushing into the fight. The mortality has been great during the past year, but rarely has the death roll of a Conference contained such honoured names as those of Drs. Ryerson and Taylor. While the Conference was in session news of the death of Rev. A. P. Lyons was received.

The Anniversary Meetings were seasons of holy enthusiasm, this was largely to be attributed to the presence of Rev. T. Crosby, whose burning words acted with a magetism rarely witnessed, and called forth the most gratifying results. The singing at some of the public meetings of the Steinhauer brothers, sons of the Rev. H. Steinhauer, in their soft Cree language, was very edifying. These young men are studying at Victoria College with a view to entering the ministry among their own people, and give promise of great future usefulness.

The question of union was prominent at all the Conferences. We do not remember at any former period seeing such a feeling for the unification of the Methodist forces. Not only is the feeling strong in the Methodist Church, but also in all the other branches of Zion. It is to be hoped that at the approaching General Conference some feasible plan may be discovered whereby this desirable consummation may be effected.

The report of the Book Steward, read at all the Conferences, gave great satisfaction. Never in the history of the Book Room was there a period when it contained more evidences of prosperity. No publishing house contains better facilities for producing first-class literature. The friends of Methodism should rally round the Book Room, for, while it is not established as a money-making institution, it has this year given $2,000 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. Our Sunday-school friends should especially remember that nowhere can they secure better Sunday-school requisites of every kind than at their own Institution.

The report of the special committee in respect to Methodist Union was an able document, and from the returns that came before the committee it was quite clear that there is a deep and widespread feeling in favour of the unification of the Methodist bodies, which it is hoped will ultimately be accomplished. The increase in the Missionary Fund afforded special gratification to the Conference. The three western Conferences have actually increased to the amount of $17,500, so that should

our brethren in the Maritime Provinces have the same amount of income as last year, the grand total will be no less than $156,000!

There has been a very gratifying addition to the ranks of the ministry, but the cases of superannuation are unusually large, and hence more than thirty places on the stations contain the ominous sentence, "One wanted," or, "One to be sent."

The members of the Conference were all delighted with the hospitality of the friends in Toronto; every one seemed to think that he had the best home. The liberality of offerings at the public meetings was far beyond everything that had been witnessed at former Conferences. This was very gratifying, especially as the claims on the Contingent Fund were unusually heavy—for supplies in aid of sick ministers, $886, and for funeral and medical expenses no less a sum than $735 were required, hence the fund is in debt, and only a very small sum is appropriated towards assisting poor circuits.

OTHER METHODIST CONFERENCES.

The Methodist Episcopal Church holds three Annual Conferences, all of which are presided over by Bishop Carman, whose zeal and indefatigable labours has done much in vitalizing that community. At all the Conferences the subject of union was a prominent question. Some were disposed to leave the details of the question with the General Conference, but others contended that the Episcopacy must be a vital question. We fear that this will prove a great difficulty in the way of accomplishing the union. We trust that wisdom will direct those who may attend both General Conferences, which, by a strange coincidence, will both meet in the City of Hamilton.

The Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christian Conferences were both held early in June. The subject of union was a live subject at both assemblies, and both appointed committees to confer with similar committees appointed by other Conferences to consider this important subject. Of one thing we feel certain, that should no organic union be effected, the kindly spirit that has been infused will do much to convince the world that Christ's flock are growing in love.

The following resolutions were passed at the late meeting of the Senate of Victoria University, relating to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Brouse, two members of the Senate who have been removed by death since the last meeting:—

1. "The Senate places upon record at this, its first meeting after the lamented death of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., its high appreciation of the great service he has rendered in the establishment and working of Victoria College and University, and its heartfelt sorrow on account of his removal, after a long life devoted to the educational interests of the Province of Ontario, and especially to the rise, progress, and successful operation of this Institution.

"At a time when civil rights and religious liberty were not understood as they are at the present day, and when educational advantages were difficult to be obtained in conjunction with the early ministers and laymen of the Methodist Church in Upper Canada, he led the movement for the formation of an Academy at Cobourg, which in progress of time, ripened into a well-appointed University, the benefits of which are spread over his native Province and far beyond its local boundaries. Endowed with gifts of the highest order—with a courage which never quailed before the most formidable difficulties—and with an indomitable perseverance in the accomplishment of his plans, he cheered by his presence, guided by the wisdom of his counsels, and supported by a profuse liberality, according to his means, the consultations and labours of the members of the Board, through successive years of adverse influences which have at times embarrassed the practical working of this Insititution.

"Whilst a firm adherent to his own Church, neither in public nor in pri

vate did he ever show that he was impelled by a narrow sectarian spirit, but all his views and sympathies were permeated by lofty sentiments of catholic brotherhood and equality.

"His early and successful labours for the establishment of the Academy, and the never-ceasing interest he took in everything appertaining to the welfare of the University, through all its changes up to the time of his death, embalm his memory as one of the principal founders, and give a sacred sanction to the long contemplated 'Ryerson Chair' of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Christian Evidences, which will worthily perpetuate his name through future generations.

"The Board tenders to Mrs. Egerton Ryerson and family, its sincere sympathy in this hour of bereavement and sorrow, with devout and earnest prayers that He who made the head of her family such a distinguished and honoured instrument of good to thousands, may extend to those whom he loved and cared for in his lifetime that kindly Providence which will secure to each of them all needful temporal and spiritual blessings."

2. "The Senate desires to record its sense of deep loss sustained by this University in the lamented death of Dr. Wm. Brouse, member of the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, a distinguished graduate of the University, for many years a member of the Board and Senate, and a devoted friend and liberal benefactor of the Institution.

"The Senate tenders to Mrs. Brouse and members of her family its heartfelt sympathy, with earnest prayers to Almighty God that they may be sustained by the consolations of divine grace in this time of bereavement and sorrow."

BOOK NOTICES.

Autobiography of the Rev. Luther Lee, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

We have found this an intensely interesting book. It is the life-record of an old anti-slavery hero, who fights his battles o'er again, and rejoices in the overthrow of slavery. It is painful to learn the extent to which the Methodist Episcopal Church, even in the north, was gagged and fettered by the influence of slavery before the secession of 1844. But there were men who would not be gagged, and Luther Lee was one of them. Like Wesley, Asbury, Coke, he denounced slavery as "the sum of all villianies." He with others was arraigned for contumacy, but after a defence, which was more defiance than defence, some were expelled, others were punished by being sent to the hardest circuits in their conferences.

"The Bishop or cabinet," says the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, "that could send an abolitionist entitled to the best pastorates to a 'hard circuit,' as punishment for his abolitionism, was worthy of immortal human contempt and condemnation. That such wrongs were done to abolitionists in those days, we have not a shadow of doubt." In 1838, Dr. Lee visited the Canada Conference at Kingston, as an anti-slavery delegate, but though courteously treated and invited to address the Conference, was not officially received. That year he located, facing poverty, with a large family, in order to take up the then obnoxious work of an anti-slavery agent. He was mobbed and maltreated time after time. His enemies attempted to blow him up with gunpowder and otherwise menaced his life. Once when threatened with violence he gave out the hymn—

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?"

with such pathos that his opponents were awed. More frequently the mob were too drunk to be effective. "A quantity of whiskey," he writes, "is necessary to get up a mob, but too much spoils it." In 1842, Dr. Lee joined the newly organized "Wesleyan Methodist Connexion," an anti-slavery secession from the M. E. Church. He became President of its General Conference, Editor, and College Professor. In 1872, when slavery, against which for thirty years he had valiantly fought, was dead and buried, he returned again to the M. E. Church, to which, as a hale old man of eighty-two, he still belongs.

In the *ante-bellum* days he was an active agent of the Underground Railway, of which he records several thrilling incidents. He sometimes sent to Canada, thirty fugitives in a month. At a signal from the Syracuse church bell a thousand stalwart abolitionists assembled in an hour to rescue a slave reported to be on a railway train.

The retrospect of his old age is touching. "Mine has been," he says, "a life of hard labour, full of anxiety and solicitude, and yet it has secured me neither riches, position, nor fame. It closes as it began, with very little of this world; indeed, not enough to secure me against want in helpless old age. But I have preserved my integrity, and come out of life's struggle an honest man, having never sold myself for place or power. It is better to die in a poor-house, true and honest, than to die surrounded by friends and luxuries, purchased at the expense of integrity. More than eighty years old and yet my heart feels young!" and he traces with joy the grand progress of the world since his boyhood. Then in an exultant psalm he sings his *Nunc Demittis*—

My sun goes down, the west is clear;
Bright golden beams athwart the sky
Proclaim the gates of heaven near,
I know the entrance must be nigh.

Brave old soul! Such men are true patriots. They make their country worth living—worth dying—for.

Canadian Methodism; its Epochs and Characteristics. Written at the request of the Toronto, London, and Montreal Conferences. By the Rev. EGERTON RYERSON, LLD. Reprinted with much additional matter from the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, pp. 448. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. Price $1.25.

This volume possesses peculiar interest as being the latest product of the busy pen of its venerable author. For over half a century that pen had been employed in the defence of civil and religious liberty, and now its latest employment in this volume is the exposition of those principles by which his whole life was guided. The range of these essays is very wide and comprehensive. They treat of the loyal origin, benevolent character, and supernatural aspects of Canadian Methodism; the phenomena and philosophy of early Methodist revivals; and Methodism as the pioneers of civil and religious liberty. The story of the Clergy Reserve Controversy, and of the unhappy divisions of Canadian Methodism is also told with much fulness of detail, together with the happy results of the reunion of British and Canadian Methodism. In a preface to this volume the present writer has endeavoured to show, what he had ample means of knowing to be the fact, that the purpose of Dr. Ryerson was entirely irenical and not polemical. That preface we take the liberty of here quoting:—

"By a sad necessity it falls to the lot of the present writer, as Editor of the periodical in which these essays first appeared, to prepare a preface to the volume in which they are now collected. From frequent and intimate intercourse with their lamented Author we can affirm that controversy was not the object with which they were written. Being invited thereto by the formal request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Conferences, Dr. Ryer-

son desired to place on record certain documentary evidence of which he was in possession, as to the eventful history of Methodism in what is now known as Old Canada. Of those stirring events, in which he played so prominent a part, it is more than probable that the honoured writer of these essays could speak with greater fulness of the information than any other man. He wrote, not to revive dead issues or buried animosities, but rather, by a calm appeal to reason and to historic facts, to allay them forever.

"So anxious was Dr. Ryerson to avoid all ground of reasonable offence that he gave the Editor of the periodical, in which these essays appeared, full authority to suppress or modify any passage that might be justly construed as offensive in tone or spirit. The Editor, however, did not feel at liberty, in essays which had been formally requested by three Annual Conferences, to do more than modify an occasional phrase, and to relegate to the volume of collected essays a considerable amount of matter for which there was not space in the MAGAZINE for which they were primarily prepared. It will be found, therefore, that this volume is not a mere reprint of the essays as they were published from month to month; but that it contains a large amount of new matter which has not heretofore appeared. It will possess also, to the many admirers of its beloved and honoured author, a melancholy interest as being the latest production of that pen which, during a long and busy life, was ever wielded in the defence of civil and religious liberty.

"And yet this volume is even now incomplete. During the very last interview which the present writer had with his revered and honoured friend, shortly before his death, Dr. Ryerson strongly expressed the wish that he might be permitted, before he should depart hence, to write a concluding chapter of an entirely irenical character, that should completely remove any undesigned asperities and acerbities of those already published. We can bear witness that no rancour, no bitter memories entered into the preparation of these papers, that the heart of the writer was full of gentleness and love, of sweetness and light; and that as he drew nearer to the eternal world of light and love its radiance more and more seemed to illumine his soul.

"If there be anything that is polemical in this volume, or that is calculated to excite controversy, let it be read in the light of the latest utterance of him who wrote it; in the light of the resolutions breathing only sentiments of peace and brotherhood towards the once estranged branches of Methodism, and especially seeking to consign to oblivion all the painful memories of the past, which he submitted to the last conferences which he was permitted to attend; and in the spirit of the wider sympathies and warmer love which are knitting together the hearts of a comman Methodism throughout the world.

" 'Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth to his brother is most just.' "

The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; with Critical and Descriptive Sketches of his Writings. By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD. Illustrated. Boston: B. B. Russell. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This Life of America's greatest poet was begun several months before his death, and had not only his consent but his assistance in furnishing data and papers. The author possessed the advantage of long and intimate acquaintance with the poet, and was himself the projector of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the leading literary magazine of America. He is, therefore, particularly well furnished for the task he has undertaken. The volume gives not only the family history of the poet, and the record of his life and literary successes, but is also enriched by intelligent criticisms of

his poetry and prose works, with numerous incidental notes of the circumstances under which they were written. There are also seventeen poems not included in his published volumes, and a complete bibliography of his writings. It is of interest to note that there have been 36 editions of translations of many of his poems into German, 2 into Dutch, 5 into Swedish, 2 into Danish, 8 into French, 9 into Italian, 4 into Portuguese, 3 into Polish, and one each into Spanish, Russian, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanscrit, and Marathi—76 in all. The writings of no other poet, we think, have ever been translated into so many foreign languages.

Longfellow was lineally descended on his mother's side from Priscilla Mullen, the Puritan maiden, who married John Allen, the first man of the *Mayflower's* company to land on Plymouth Rock. On his father's side he was descended from sturdy Yorkshire stock, and one of his ancestors took part in the disastrous expedition of 1690, against Quebec. He was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, and there drowned. The volume is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the poet, and with numerous other engravings.

Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems. By the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Pp. 356. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

Few writers of her time, probably no writers of her sex, have had so wide a range of readers as the late Miss Havergal. Not less than a million copies of her various books have been sold, and multitudes who have never seen her books are familiar with her beautiful hymns which have sung their way around the world. The present volume gives a charming glimpse of her character in her hours of recreation and rest. They are the record of several holiday trips to Switzerland. They reveal her keen appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, her manifold accomplishments, linguistic and musical, and her untiring zeal in Christian work among the peasant populations of foreign lands. A strong will sustained a feeble frame. When she set out on some of these trips she was unable to walk more than a mile or two. Before she returned she could do her twenty miles a day of mountain travel, climbing peaks over 11,000 feet high, setting out in the morning at four, three, or even half-past one o'clock, to watch God's revelations of the sunrise among the mountains. An unsuspected vein of humour is revealed, and this sweet singer is actually not incapable of a pun, as where she speaks of a certain Alpine Valley where four gorges met, which was perfectly gorge-ous in fact. The many friends of Miss Havergal will be glad to have this latest memorial of her life.

Manitoba: Its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition By Rev. Prof. BRYCE. London: Samson Low & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; pp. 367, illustrated. Price $2.65.

This a rather unsatisfactory book. It is rather the materials from which a history may be written than a well digested history. It gives the personal testimony of *voyageurs*, half-breeds, and others as to the stirring events connected with the founding of the Selkirk Settlement, rather than a clear narrative of these events. It lacks historical perspective. Some incidents receive undue prominence, and others too scanty notice. But apart from these defects it possesses a good deal of interest and historic value. It is the best vindication of the character of Lord Selkirk that has yet appeared. From all that can be learned it is evident that he was a high-minded, generous-hearted, and noble man, who was greatly maligned in his own day and who has been greatly misunderstood since. The strife between the North-West and Red River Fur Companies is well described.

In this strife, Lord Selkirk who was, certainly the aggrieved party, was treated as a criminal and was held in bonds for trial in Canada to the amount of $12,000, while the men who instigated or connived at the massacre of twenty-one of his set-

tlers at Red River escaped any punishment. In eight years from the first settlement in 1812 to his death at Pau, in the French Pyrenees, in 1820, Lord Selkirk sank half a million of money in his philanthropic endeavours to plant a colony of his country in this garden of the mid-continent. The Prairie Province should ever revere the memory of Selkirk. We think that Prof. Bryce has missed the opportunity that should surpass in interest Irving's Astona, as he had in the character of his hero an incomparably worthier theme. The chapters on the Present Condition of the Colony, give much valuable information in which multitudes are interested. We are glad to observe that he pays a just tribute to the religious efforts of the Methodist Church of Canada, although he is less generous than Principal Grant in acknowledging the valuable services of its early missions in the North-West.

Wanderings in South America. By CHARLES WATERTON. Fol. pp. 64, with 100 illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 20 cents.

The story of Waterton's life is as fascinating as a romance. He was a passionate enthuiast in the study of natural history, and travelled far in his favourite pursuit. He was as close an observer as Darwin, but he had not the philosophic insight which led the latter to such far-reaching generalizations. But the book is a capital one to kindle in boys an enthusiasm for the study of nature. The Rev. J. C. Wood, the veteran naturalist, contributes a valuable illustrated explanatory index.

The Chrysanthemum, a Monthly Magazine for Japan and the Far East. Vol. I., Jan. to Dec., 1881. Yokohama: Kelly & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 8vo, pp. 507. Price $3 per year.

This is a volume of unique interest—a greeting from the Far East to the Far West. Its object is "to bring the poles of Eastern and Western thought into such contact as may result in the diffusion of a genial light and warmth." The problems of human history, thought, morals, and religion, as exhibited in Japan, are discussed in a great number of articles on Japanese linguistics and similar topics by our accomplished and versatile friend, the Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., who seems to be devoting himself with as great enthusiam to the study of Japanese literature as he has done to that of modern Europe. We hope that many of our readers who are interested in the new and Christian civilization of Japan, will assist its literary efforts by patronizing this Magazine.

Certainties in Religion. By the Rev. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D. *The Soul's Anchor.* By the Rev. GEO. MCRITCHIE. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 20 cents.

These are the fifth Annual Lecture and Sermon before the Theological Union of Victoria College. The lecture is just such an admirable exposition of the eternal verities of revealed religion as we would expect from the well-known mastery of the subject of Christian apologetics of its accomplished author. The sermon is a practical and cogent enforcement of the doctrine of a living, personal, and reconciled God, as an unfailing anchor of the soul. The Theological Union is to be congratulated on its annual issue of such high-class discourses.

Pamphlets.—We are glad to observe the literary activity of the ministers of our Church, as evidenced by the number of books and pamphlets which they are publishing. We hope that more and more they will continue to make use of the powerful agency of the press to influence public opinion, and to impart religious truth. Dr. Burwash, in an excellent pamphlet on the "Moral Condition of Childhood," gives his views on this important subject. The Rev. H. F. Bland, in another well-written tract, entitled, "Universal Childhood Drawn to Christ," takes exception to some of his positions. We will not attempt to hold the balance between. We

have found much in both with which we cordially agree. The Rev. J. A. Chapman, M.A., in a thoroughly practical tract, urges the Scriptural authority and value of the class-meeting as a means of grace: and the Rev. J. H. Kenner gives us an excellent essay, read before the Cobourg District Meeting, and requested for publication, on the important subject of "Popular Amusements," and the duty of Methodists in relation thereto. We commend all these pamphlets to the careful reading of our people.

One of the most notable books of the day, and one of especial interest to scholars, is announced as in preparation by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a translation of Frederic Winkel Horn's "History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North, from the Most Ancient Times to the Present," lately published at Leipsic. The American edition is to be the joint work of the original author and Prof. R. B. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin. It is the only book in literature covering this field, and is brilliant and attractive as well as exhaustive. It will be an octavo volume of over 500 pages.

The Expositor of Holiness is a well-printed monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Canada Holiness Association, and edited by the Rev. Nelson Burns, B.A. The number before us contains several original and selected articles, designed to direct and encourage Christians in pressing on to perfection. We commend the *Expositor* to the patronage of our friends as a co-labourer with our Church publications in spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land.

THE SOWING.

BY THE REV. G. W. TUTTLE.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Eccles. xi. 6.

Sow in the morning, sow,
Nor cease at eventide;
Thou knowest not which to fruit may grow,
Or which in earth abide.

But watch with jealous care,
That all thy seeds be good;
For evil seeds alike will share
Earth's fertilizing food.

Sow wide in every field
The precious vital grain;
So shall the earth a harvest yield,
To compensate thy pain.

But water well thy seed,
With many a prayer and tear;
Nor suffer any noxious weed
In all thy fields to appear.

Lord of the harvest, bless
The seeds Thyself hast given;
And may our fruits of righteousness
Be garnered up in heaven.

CAPE BRETON, N. S.

COURT YARD, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.